— 18, 1980

RS. 1.50

EVE'S WEEKLY

WOMEN WRITERS IN EAST AFRICAN LITERATURE A DEEP CONCERN FOR SOCIAL ISSUES

UP THE EXECUTIVE LADDER: SOME TIPS FOR WOMEN

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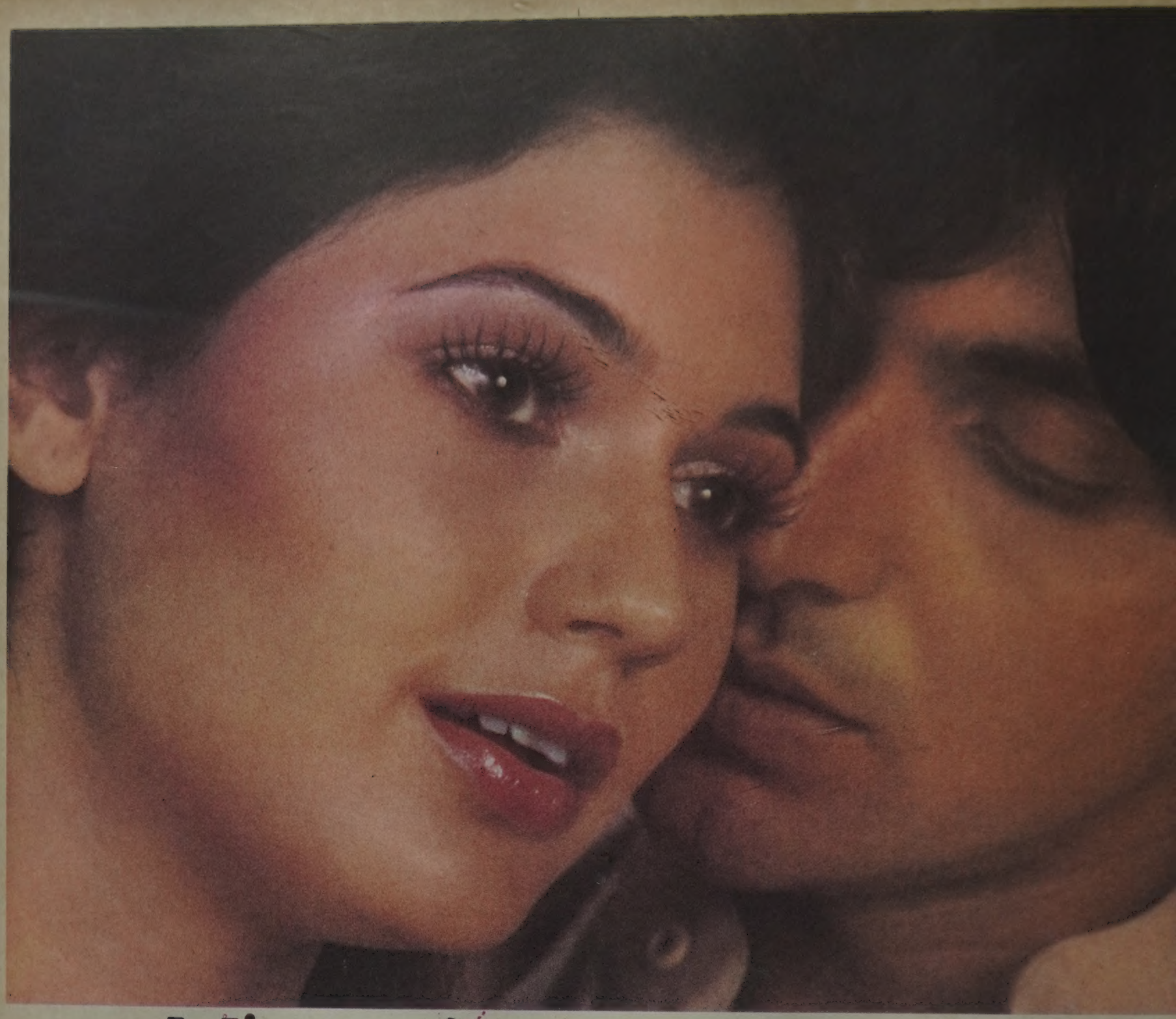

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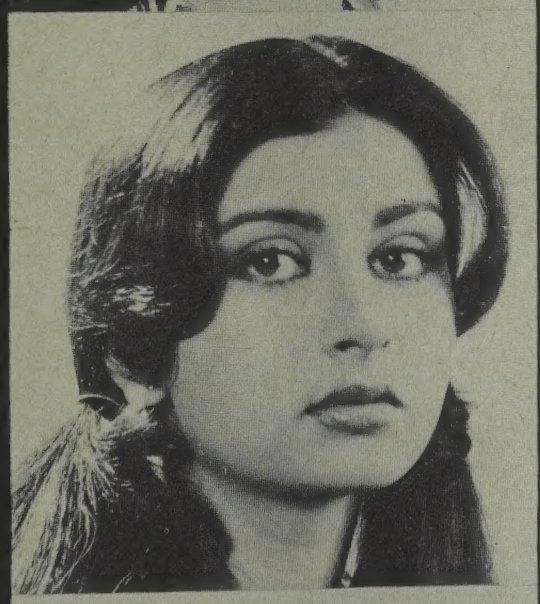

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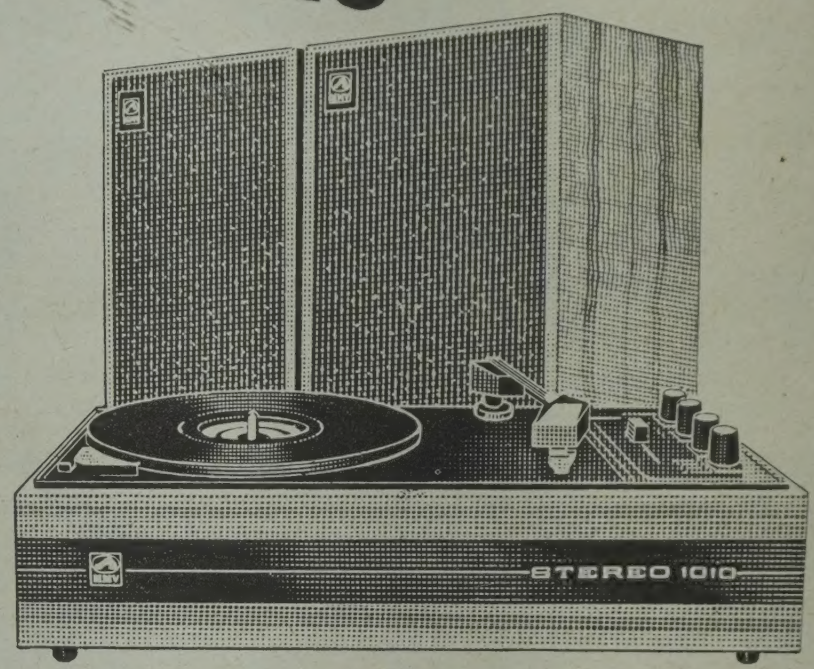

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Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIV NO. 28 BOMBAY JULY 12 — 18, 1980

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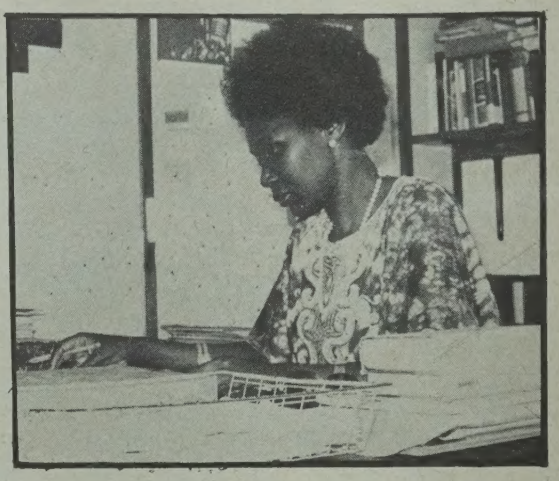
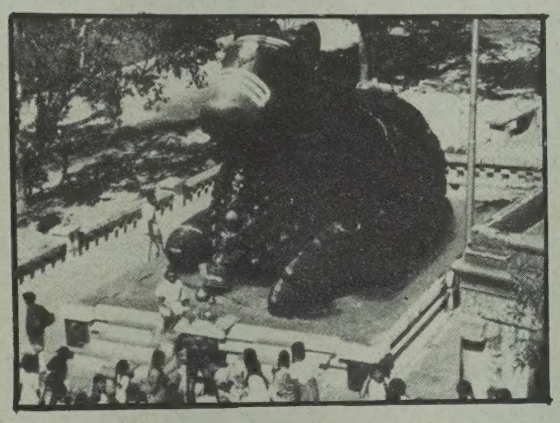
THIS WEEK

WOMEN IN EAST AFRICAN LITERATURE

The position of African women is clearly discernible in the literature of East Africa, and women writers of East Africa freely express their anger against, and slavish acceptance of, Western mores and modes.
Page 10.





KARNATAKA KALEIDOSCOPE

The tourist trade is steadily moving to the South with its architectural wonders and glittering festivals. Travel writers Hugh and Colleen Gantzer write about Karnataka State.
Page 20.

INDIA'S 100 MILLION

A report on the 100 million deprived children of India who, apart from sympathetic noises occasionally, have received little attention so far.
Page 19.

HELPING WOMEN CLIMB THE EXECUTIVE LADDER

How women in corporate life are being helped to overcome their handicaps and compete with the dominant male.
Page 13.

ALSO

IYC Story — **Page 23** Human interest story: the story of a brave woman who has come to terms with her tragic misfortune — **Page 26** Women in Focus: Prasanna Nambiar and Navaaz Karani, two distinguished women in dance and education respectively — **Page 12** Bina Das, fiery patriot — **Page 33.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Beauty Bulletin/**27**, Heart to Heart/**27**, Young Viewpoint/**15**, Film Star: Asha Sachdev/**17**, Fashion/**24**, Cookery/**29**, Comics/**32**, People Known & Unknown/**39**, Short Story/**34**, Answers to Quiz No. 12/**37**, Frankly Speaking/**43**, Quiz No. 13/**43**, People & Events/**44**, Horoscope/**46**.

Everything you want to know about the Moscow Olympics

- **India's Prospects**
  With some top nations boycotting the Moscow Games, can our sportsmen be expected to bring off some startling victories?
- **The Politics Behind The 'Boycott'**
  Will political upheavals ultimately extinguish the Olympic flame?
- **Fantastic Facts About Earlier Olympics**
  Like, did you know that the man with the highest record of Olympic Golds spent his childhood in a wheelchair?

PLUS

'Even prostitutes have been taught important foreign phrases...'
a look at Moscow's preparations.

ALSO

- The World Of Pen Pals —a delightful survey.
- Discovering Sri Lanka —a colour feature.
- Prem Chand—a birth centenary tribute.

Your best bet for good reading

MIRROR

INCENTIVE

YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

A MOTHER'S REASONS

I am a middle-class working woman with two children and when I recently found I was pregnant again, I underwent an abortion for what at that time I thought were very valid reasons. However, since then I have not been able to live at peace with myself and dearly wish I could turn the clock back. What surprises me most is that although I mentioned my plans for abortion to many of my friends who have themselves earlier had abortions, not one of them advised me against it. I suppose they were fortunate not to have been affected as I have. I write this letter now in the hope that it will cause a few mothers, who think abortion is the solution to an unwanted pregnancy, to think again and think well before they take this step. No reason in the world is good enough for committing this heinous act.

NAME WITHHELD

You have a job, two children — probably a home and a husband. But, say, you were a teen-aged girl, pregnant and spurned by the boy who ravished you; discarded by your parents; unable to find a job because of the pregnancy — then, what? Not reason enough? Or, say, you were a pregnant, poverty-stricken woman with a drunk for a husband and four little children who cry themselves to sleep every day because there is just no food in the house — then, what? Not reason enough?

2nd PRIZE

PATER vs MATER

Ever since man assumed charge of supporting his wife (and children) he has tried to ensure her chastity, in order to guarantee his paternity, by making marriage a sacrament. Thus sexual virtue becomes a pious necessity for her, but not for him. Double standards of morality, the problem of illegitimacy of children, the difficulties related to remarriage of widows and divorcees, are all a natural consequence of this, as also the menace of rape. Marriage in the patriarchal society grants woman status, but it also downgrades her by reducing her to some kind of stock for breeding. Accordingly, she has to produce children for inheritance and property rights. If she fails in this, she is discarded. It doesn't matter if the inability to reproduce rests with the husband.

Cases of wife-beating and killing for the sake of dowry are also on the increase in our society, despite the laws against the taking and giving of dowry. Why does the bride feel compelled to bring a dowry? Because she has to go and live as a minority member amidst her husband and in-laws, who can make her life a veritable hell if she does not fetch an adequate dowry. She may be well-educated and earning, but that is of no significance so long as she has to live under his roof.

There is now a growing opinion that the patriarchal family system is at the root of all the atrocities and injustices inflicted upon women and their children, especially the female ones, by lowering their status in the family, and that the eradication of these offences is linked with the eradication of patriarchy itself and the restoration of matriarchy. Likewise, the belief that marriage offers security to women and children is slowly evaporating in the light of the gruesome tragedies known to occur in male-dominated societies.

DR. USHA V. PADIYAR,
Baroda

Yes, patriarchy is under fire these days. The once-benign umbrella over the heads of women and children has developed holes that threaten to drench and submerge the entire family structure. However, easier said than done. Patriarchy is so solidly entrenched, it is doubtful if the system will change. . .

3rd PRIZE

WHY NOT ADOPT?

Is it not surprising that even highly-educated couples in India prefer to have children biologically rather than adopt, despite the risk of in-born abnormalities? This attitude is probably due to the scorn and ridicule of the gossip-mongers of society who assume straightaway that all couples going in for adoption are infertile. But how long can this be allowed to go on, while thousands of innocent youngsters, the future citizens of our motherland, languish in overcrowded orphanages?

Our vote-hungry politicians, forever worried about losing power, will not pass the necessary legislation required to smoothen the way for adoption. This is mainly because they are afraid to tread on the toes of certain influential sections of the electorate, who, through misguided sentiment, block essential social legislation because of religious obscurantism.

If adoption could be popularised through a mass movement, it may also act as a partial solution to our population problem, although at this stage this appears highly idealistic.

J. JAISANKAR,
Pondicherry

Most people seem to have hang-ups about adoption. Apart from religious grounds, there is a kind of stigma attached to it. A man's virility and a woman's fertility come under a cloud of suspicion and even educated, enlightened, intelligent people fall prey to this. Once again, an area where a persistent and persuasive media network can help.

HEMA-DHARAM MARRIAGE

The ice-maiden of the film industry, Hema Malini, has wedded her colleague, Dharmendra, a married man with four children. It is an event that will make even the most cynical or phlegmatic among us sit up and take notice. Those who think that filmdom has little to do with morals will state smugly that her behaviour runs to type. There will be others who think appearances have once more been proved to be deceptive. Still others will loudly condemn the act and shower pity and sympathy on the first wife. The legalistic-minded will wonder how bigamy can be practised with such impunity. Few, however, will ponder over the plight of the central character of this piece — Hema herself. Beautiful, rich and adulated, she has made a choice that will attract a great deal of condemnation and opprobrium. And, yet, it is a decision that could not have been arrived at without a great deal of pain, anxiety, suffering and struggle, for it has taken her seven long years. The wealth and freedom of the celluloid world seems to be just so much tinsel and stardust and no match for the will-o-wisp we eternally seek — love.

LEELA RAMASWAMY,
Bangalore.

There has been much reaction to this event — for and against, emotional and bitchy, righteous and condoning. Apparently, marrying a married man is so much worse than marrying a married woman. . . if you know what we mean! But, of course, as you say, or seem to imply, it is always the woman who suffers.

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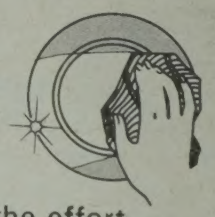

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TEEPOL—the versatile cleanser
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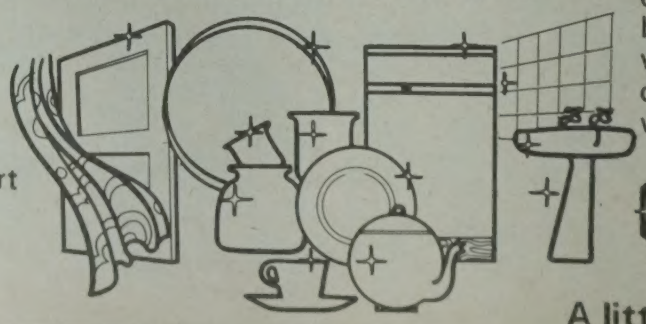

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

HELP THE CHILDREN

The article, "Asian Children: After '79, What?" (May 31) gives a vivid account of what lies in store for these little children of tomorrow. The article rightly highlights the problem of malnutrition. Many children are obviously not getting enough of the right foods. To help the situation, couples should have smaller families during the next decade. Sterilization (preferably vasectomy for the male) seems to be the answer.

B.G. KALAVATHI, Hyderabad.

INTER-REGIONAL MARRIAGES

With reference to the articles by Sunaina Lowe and Jaya Ramanathan on Northerners and Southerners (May 31), I have a few comments.

To start with, a steretoype can be positive or negative and it is based on a hasty generalisation — an error in thinking.

Another point. There are many couples made up of one North Indian and one South Indian who are married and happily settled down. I myself hope to soon change my name from Miss Menon to Mrs. Bharadwaj. It is only inter-regional marriages that can make you feel an Indian inspite of the differences.

S.M., Bangalore.

SUPERIORITY COMPLEXES

Kudos for the article, "North Vs. South" (May 31). It made interesting reading. It has brought to light the biases of each part of the country towards the other. Not to be outdone by the superior colour complex of the Northerners, the people of the South pride themselves on their intellectual excellence. Each has its fair share of virtues and vices, but each chooses to highlight its brighter side and pinpoint the faults of the other — true to human nature. However, such attitudes are not held by everyone. There are many who think in terms which go beyond caste and creed.

HEMA NARASIMHAN, Ahmedabad.

INJURED FEELINGS

In the article, "When North is North" (May 31), Sunaina Lowe calls North Indians 'oxen' because they classify all South Indians as 'Madrassis'. What is wrong with being called a Madrassi, and why should it hurt their feelings? Being called 'oxen' does more than hurt. North Indians have been called 'illiterate' and 'beefy'. Even in the article "And South is South" by Jaya Ramanathan, South Indians are treated as supremely intelligent, clean, faultless. All North Indians ought not to be dismissed as 'shallow and superficial' and unintelligent. Interviews have been done with the sole aim of bringing out a South Indian as an irrefutably intelligent and innocent person. The interviews have been arrogantly one-sided, putting a blot upon the name of North Indians as being unfailingly uncivilised. If the South Indians have got brains, let them keep them to themselves. There is no need to brag about it.

ANIL N. AND K. RAMU, Delhi.

NO SANSKRIT PLEASE

Tamil is not the only Indian language that is not derived from Sanskrit (Reference: "When North is North and South is South", May 31). In fact, none of the five South Indian languages (i.e. Kannada, Malayalam, Tamil, Telugu and Tulu) are derived from Sanskrit. Malayalam has adopted some Sanskrit words and that after the 16th century, as its own vocabulary was limited. Jaya Ramanathan is either ignorant of this fact, or she might have intentionally tried to glorify Tamil, which is the habit of most Tamilian writers.

VIJAYA B. ALVA, Kalva.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JULY 19

THE JAMKHED EXPERIMENT :

How a medical couple, dedicated social workers, have changed the face of the once disease and poverty ridden villages of Jamkhed Taluka in Maharashtra State.

WORLD CONFERENCE ON WOMEN'S DECADE :

An analysis and evaluation of the progress made in achieving the objectives mapped out at earlier conferences to achieve social and economic justice for women all over the world.

THE DISPOSSESSED ADIVASI WOMEN :

The story behind the present prosperity of Dahanu and of the poverty and persecution of the adivasis who owned the land originally.

THE SUNSET CHILDREN :

An assessment of children who rarely see the sun — working from dawn to dusk in factories, homes and hotels, denied rest, education, and their right to childhood.

PLUS ALL OUR REGULAR FEATURES

IN SEARCH OF A NEW

The literature of East Africa, in common with the literature of many colonised countries, reflects a sense of cultural alienation. In the struggle for cultural and political regeneration, African women have played an important and often difficult role, which is reflected in the portrayal of women in contemporary African literature

My husband says
He rejects me
Because I do not appreciate
White men's foods,
And that I do not know
How to hold
The spoon and the fork.
He is angry with me
Because I do not know
How to cook
As white women do
And I refuse
To eat chicken
And to drink raw eggs
As white women do.

The lament of Lawino, the Ugandan peasant woman in Okot p'Bitek's "Song of Lawino", is not over the loss of a husband to another woman. Lawino, in a simple but forceful way, laments the cultural and moral bankruptcy of her people which has come about in the aftermath of colonial rule. She laments the loss of depth and dignity of the individual as the result of a blind aping of Western values.

African writing, whether the author be male or female, deals primarily with cultural alienation and with the reconstruction of a past that was glorious and worth building upon. Old traditions were meaningful, but these traditions have been derided by a subtle process of cultural imperialism that snaked its way through emotions and imagination into the consciousness of the people. This process of deculturisation was greatly aided by the missionaries. Also, the culture of the cities lays great store by material acquisition of the individual at the expense of communal obligations. The African writer is aware of this break away from tradition — especially of the educated elite, and she makes it her mission to re-establish the African tradition — not necessarily by glorifying an ossified past, but by finding a meeting place where the new values could be based on traditional values which are meaningful to the people and are not "hollow," to use Lawino's language.

Fortunately for the African women, the cultural and economic invasion touched the lives of all. So women, as writers or as they are projected in writing, are not so obsessed with the freedom of women as females only, but with the emancipation of the human being from the spiritual and cultural manacles imposed from outside. In fact, due to the nature of their tasks, and due to historical trends, they have emerged as the stronger spokesmen of the African traditional culture. They are the ones who are portrayed as making equal, if not greater, sacrifices along with the male members of society towards the bringing about of a cultural and political regeneration.

The women in the books of Ngugi wa Thiong'o project themselves as being more integrated, more rooted in the soil, less doubting and therefore, more strong than their male counterparts. His "The River Between" deals with issues of vital importance. One of these is female circumcision, which was a traditionally necessary ritual, one that a girl had to go through before she could be considered a complete woman. It is not circumcision as a physical operation that is the crux of the matter but its psychological and spiritual implications. Nyambura, the daughter of a Christian convert priest, is uncircumcised and is hated by the tribe. But Waiyaki, an educated, idealistic, liberal thinker, despite being circumcised and belonging to the traditional group, has visions of bringing his people together and of bridging the barriers created by the new religion. He falls in love with Nyambura.

While Nyambura is shown to be submissive and obedient, not wanting to break away from her converted parents, even though she aches to be accepted by the tribe, it is Muthoni, her strong willed younger sister, who undertakes the final act of resurrection. Defying her father's wrath, she runs away and joins the other girls at the bank of the river Honia and submits herself to ritual circumcision — to "become a woman". It so happens that she gets infected and dies because of it, but before that she says two things: "I am a woman now" and "I see Jesus." The first statement describes her yearning for wholeness and for integration with the tribe, which unfortunately she achieves only at the time of death. The second is no accidental allusion. Ngugi, here, has lifted this act of sacrifice through female circumcision to the equivalent of the crucifixion. Individual acts of martyrdom and sacrifice may take away a particular life but they leave behind them distinct footprints that lead to changes in the human condition and in social thinking.

Religion, in order to be a source of life and vitality to the people, must be rooted in the soil and in the indigenous beliefs of the converted people. It must have the flexibility to recognize aspects of beauty and truth in their daily life. Religion must meet the many sided personality of a human being. In the African tradition, religion must come to man through his human relationships. A divisive religion is not religion.

The humiliations and conflicts faced by the children of Christian converts are well described by Charity Waciuma in the "Daughter of Mumbi". In simple, unaffected language she gives a good account of the divisions created and the advantage taken by stooges of Europeans.

In a slightly different context, Mumbi in "Grain of Wheat" is shown to be the archetypal African woman. She stood courageously with the others against white oppression and bravely faced the hardships meted out to her during her husband's imprisonment at the hands of the colonialists — only to be misunderstood by her husband on his return.

IDENTITY

Rather than face the indignities and insults inflicted on her by Gikonyo, her husband, she decides to leave him in the face of opposition by her own family. She loves him still, stands by him in his hour of need, but refuses to give in. She becomes a portrayal of an ideal mistress, an ideal mother, an ideal daughter-in-law and even an ideal wife — one who has the confidence to stand up for her dignity, for her right to be respected.

The rural-urban conflict is the theme of many a writer. The city becomes the agent of liberation from suffocating custom and tradition, it is a place where new social systems are created, but these social systems are dominated by money. New values, often imported, do not have roots in the indigenous soil. Women, as members of society, are shown as having a serious social responsibility to criticize and to participate in this milieu.

Grace Ogot, through her short stories and novels, continuously deals with the theme of moral laxity brought about by a blind imitation of European ways. These are not necessarily European ways, but what is considered as European by the semi-educated elite — the boss trying to make love to his secretary in the office, the husband secretly carrying on an affair with a girl young enough to be his daughter. All these moral aberrations are brought about by the new social order. In the traditional society, such things would not have been possible; the laws were strict and the communal will ensured adherence to them.

Rebeka Nijau writer and educationist, author of the prize-winning play, "The Scar" also writes "Prayers", comments on the plight of the oppressed, published fortnightly in Target. At present she is completing a series of television plays for children.

LEFT : Grace Ogot has six books to her credit and is a script writer and broadcaster on Voice of Kenya Radio.

Lawino, with whom I began this article, is not advocating a return to a dead past, but, being a sensitive person, she has an acute perception of values and argues for cultural integrity and relevance. She jeers at blind imitation of the West as wearing "blanket suits" in summer! In her simple but highly perceptive way she goes on to condemn missionaries, as well as political parties which breed corruption and ignore human welfare. She also does not agree with the wholesale abandoning of traditional games, dances, the old methods of birth control. All these have validity in the social set up and they must be intelligently and selectively preserved.

The writers here are arguing, through their women protagonists, that each society has its different customs, traditions and practices and that each one has its own distinct contribution to make to the human condition. No culture is perfect enough to justify superimposing itself on another. If, by force of arms, this does come to pass, the results are bound to be disastrous in human terms.

Unfortunately, it is the educated who are alienated from their culture, and have nothing definite to fall back on. They are lost in the maze of a religion and education which are supposed to be modern. Kinship ties in urban centres are loose and weak. Communal ties are looked down upon.

The new religion of the missionaries is divisive. Its very rigidity and stubbornness in refusing to accept the validity of the native customs toll its death knell. Nyambura questions her missionary father, Joshua's beliefs and Ngugi says:

"The religion of love was in the heart. The other was Joshua's own religion, which ran counter to her spirit and violates love ... If it came to stand between a father and his daughter so that her death did not move him, then it was inhuman. She wanted the other. The other that held together, the other that united. . ."

Lawino laments the shame her husband feels in undertaking his traditional responsibilities, which are necessary to keep the homestead together and to uphold the dignity of the family.

In another context she wails the loss of dignity and traditional manners:

> Time has become
> My husband's master
> It is my husband's husband.
> My husband runs from place to place
> Like a small boy,
> He rushes without dignity.
> And when visitors have arrived
> My husband's face darkens,
> He never asks you in,
> And for greeting
> He says,
> "What can I do for you?"

The women are projected to represent a humane culture that recognizes the dignity in others. The male is confused and dichotomous even when he feigns to be powerful and strong. The new education puts him in a dilemma, like Waiyaki in "The River Between" and Njoroge in "Weep Not Child". Ultimately, they are helped to a great extent by the women characters in making up their minds. Mumbi has a role to play, even though not so apparent, in giving courage and confidence to Mugo to make the final decision.

Women's wholehearted participation in the freedom fight during what was called the Mau Mau rebellion and at the time of the general strike in Kenya just before the Mau Mau days, has been the theme of many a book published in Kenya. "The Trial of Dedan Kimathi", written by Micere Muga, together with Ngugi, beautifully brings out this role — the courage and daring displayed in the face of the danger of being physically mauled and used by the settlers and the homeguards. The confidence that they would win is obvious in the words of the woman:

"Kimathi is never alone ..., will never be alone. No bullet can kill him as long as women continue to bear children ... Let a thousand bullets be shot through our heads, but this I believe: one day, the soil will be restored to the people. Our land shall one day be truly ours ..."

Women were a vital part of the struggle for the restoration of the alienated land. Without their participation, the struggle could not have been as successful as it finally was. This is clearly reflected in East African literature.

Woman in East African literature is given an important status as a contributing factor to social development. But the new social order with its new values borrowed from the West has made her contribution ambiguous — she finds herself not fitting into the old order, and the new ideas that she is imbued with are often not accepted by her traditional society. The result is destruction of the social fabric as known earlier. The writer is seen searching for a new identity in a changed social order.

In a society where the concept of "art for art's sake" has never existed, the writer emerges as the sensitive part of society. He is consciously committed to write with the aim of imbuing the people's consciousness with the awareness of the changes creeping in and of their effect on human relations. African literature has realized that the writer has a vital role to play in giving direction to new social trends. Women writers and women protagonists are no exception to this generally accepted goal.

Veena Sharma

WOMEN IN FOCUS

NAVAAZ KARANI

IMPARTING DOMESTIC SKILLS

Mrs. Karani is the Principal of the Gulistan Institute of Home Science, Bombay, which celebrated its Silver Jubilee this year. Founded by Mrs. Mehroo Sukhia from her own savings, the Institute has expanded over the years, but, says Mrs. Karani, "We are very short of space and finance. We get a government grant but it is not adequate to cover the cost of maintaining such an establishment."

The Institute takes in students who have matriculated, and the Government certified course that the girls do, lasts for a year. The emphasis is on practical rather than theoretical work. The subjects offered cover a wide spectrum. The Nursery Teacher Training Course, teaches how to impart education and trains the girls in craft-making with a view to their teaching it in schools later. There are four major subjects — Child Development, Food and Nutrition, Clothing and Textiles and Home Management. The subjects can be pretty detailed. Clothing and Textiles for example includes tailoring, laundry, study of fibres, their reaction and handling etc. Home Management includes rudimentary knowledge of banking, teaches budgeting, the importance of proper sanitation, interior decoration, how to carry out minor repairs in the home and so on. There is a Nursery attached to the Institute run by the girls themselves so that they can directly put to use the knowledge they have acquired.

What is the use of such an institution? Isn't this "finishing school" type of image a little obsolete? "Most of the girls," Mrs. Karani replied, "do come from the upper middle class. Many of them are from orthodox families and coming here is just a stop gap between school and marriage. Many of the girls come with no skills at all, but they leave having acquired quite a few of the skills which they will need in order to run their homes well." Mrs. Karani also pointed out that these girls come from very sequestered backgrounds. Their parents may not agree to their attending college or taking up a career, but are agreeable to their joining an establishment like Gulistan. "So for many of the girls its a new environment — something outside the family circle, where they can meet new people, make friends — and that is healthy. There are only 40 regular and 28 partime students. So the atmosphere is warm and friendly. Maybe that is why ex-students return to join on for a new course that we may have introduced."

Not that girls don't go on from here to make careers for themselves. "The Institute of Hotel Management (IHMCTAN) takes our girls — a bakery student was taken on recently and now she works at Monginis. Another ex-student went on to study flower arrangement at the Indo-Japanese Society and now she teaches. The practical training we give does encourage self-employment if the girls have the initiative to start something," said Mrs. Karani.

Mrs. Karani joined Gulistan in '74. "I was more or less in charge though Miss Sukhia (the founder) was there, and from '77 I took over." She is a Home Science graduate from Baroda and worked as a Dietitian at Byculla Hospital. She takes a warm personal interest in the girls under her care and teaches a part of all the four major subjects offered.

Perhaps the exclusively domestic skills taught here might reinforce the stereotype of the woman as housewife, but, at least it ensures that she is a knowledgeable and efficient housewife.

S. G.

PRASANNA NAMBIAR

VERSATILE DANCER

The dance of India has an unbroken tradition of over 3,000 years. Its themes come from the vast treasure house of myth, legend and ancient literature with which it has been associated through its long history. Classical dance is an ancient art requiring rigorous training and long hours of mastery. The dance tradition is often handed down in families and one such family is that of Prasanna Nambiar. Prasanna's father, Guru Krishna Panniker founded "Nrityaprabha", a school for Indian Classical Dance in 1960, which he runs assisted by his danseuse wife Gowri and their six daughters.

Prasanna, the eldest daughter, has received long and intensive training in the Indian classical dances Bharat Natyam, Kathakali, Kucchipudi, Mohiniattam, and folk dances. A Law graduate, who is presently doing research in Indian Classical Dance. Prasanna began Bharata Natyam early, at the age of 5. Later at the age of 8, she started learning Kathakali, a dance which has come down from the temple to the stage and has predominantly male characters. She was trained under Guru Nanu Pillai Assan of Kerala and underwent rigorous training for seven long years. She ventured into strenous masculine roles, which were formerly the sole monopoly of the males, and also specialised in female roles.

She has given performances all over India in all the various styles of dance. In 1971 she participated in the Kal-ke-kalakar festival organised by the Sur Sringar Samsad and was awarded the coveted title "Sringarmani". Later she was invited to participate in their Swami Haridas Samelan.

Prasanna conducts dance classes in an Andheri branch of "Nrityaprabha", and also, teaches dancing in various schools and institutions. A total of about 750 students, all in the age group 10-20 have benefited from this training.

She is probably one of the only female exponents of Kathakali to specialise in masculine roles, one of her best to date being the role of Ravana.

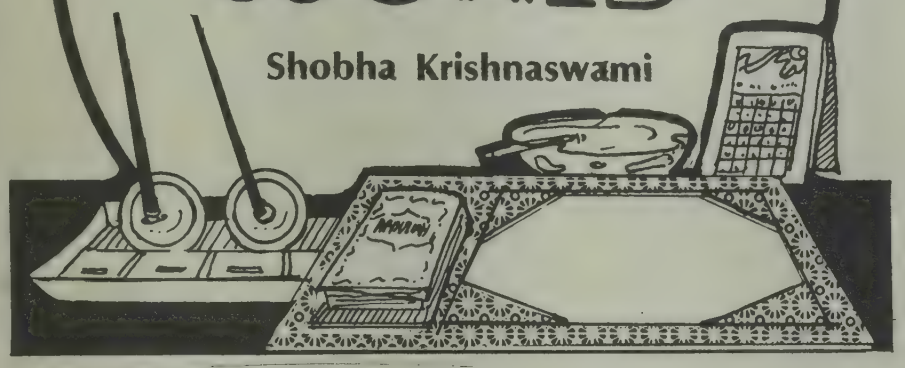
Prasanna works as an Economic Assistant in a branch of the Reserve Bank of India and her husband is an officer at the head office. Besides this he is the Manager of the "Nrityaprabha." They have two daughters who are also following the family tradition and have taken up dancing. On being questioned as to how she manages to cope with the household work when dancing takes up so much of her time, Prasanna said that, that was no problem as they lived with her parents in a joint family and she had no heavy household responsibilities.

With a glow in her eyes Prasanna said, "I have no other hobby besides dancing." During her childhood she was preoccupied with dancing and studies. "Dance in its various forms will continue to enrich the tapestry of life; and produce a soothing effect on those who choose to live in this realm," she concluded.

Anita Jhuremalani

IN A MAN'S WORLD

Shobha Krishnaswami



THE TRUTH, HOWEVER UNPALATABLE, IS THAT IT IS MOSTLY THE MALE EXECUTIVES WHO MAKE MOST OF THE RULES, AND THE FEW SUCCESSFUL WOMEN IN BUSINESS HAVE HAD TO COME UP THE HARD WAY

Business, to a large extent, is still a man's world. Unlike the men, who hire image consultants, polish up their talents, and make the right moves with guidance from the top, women executives have by and large had no mentors. The few successful women in business have had to help themselves to become more aware of how male executives think, react and behave, and adapt to the pattern.

The truth, however unpalatable, is that it's the male executives in the majority who make most of the rules and determine who is to play. While your attitudes and behaviour may inspire your subordinates, please your peers, and satisfy your boss, you won't get anywhere till you've impressed the senior male executives you work with, or hope to work with.

A growing number of women in the U.S.A. have now realised that what women lack is help and advice and a little more push from other women in power. In the last two years there has been a phenomenal rise of a new class of mentors willing to help their aspiring sisters. The biggest organisation of this kind is the CBC Inc. in New York, consisting of 14 women in professional and executive jobs who have volunteered to act as "career advisers" to a number of working women eager to climb the executive ladder. They function through a regular network of sponsored programmes to train women participants in the finer points of business. The volunteers' names are circulated and they find themselves in constant demand.

Most other women mentors are either intellectual (they set a standard of performance for others to follow), or cultural (helping to interpret the environment for you), or just good ol' Big Sisters — bringing you along, watching over you, and getting you promotions and rewards. They are careful, however, not to promote you too far and too fast.

DO WOMEN NEED MORE HELP THAN MEN?

"Yes," say the mentors. Here are some interesting reasons why:

Men have come to know how to look around for their best opportunities. Women still don't.

A lot of women are bright and very good at their tasks, but they are not yet good at politicking.

Women tend to be idealists. When confronted with executive decisions, they are sometimes staggered by the gap between things as they should be and things as they are.

Most women, even those in top jobs, exhibit a lot of naivete on the job. They tend to correct their colleagues' or boss's statements in public. Men, on the other hand, have learnt to criticise discreetly.

Many women actually don't like to have a mentor. So male bosses avoid giving constructive criticism which can be really helpful.

Lastly, some women cry when most executives are not ready for it, and this makes them wary of women colleagues and subordinates.

Margaret E. Kennedy at Olin Corp., Stamford, Conn., who acts as a non-professional mentor to two different women every year, includes visits and discussions with her proteges' bosses to assess their future prospects. According to her, there's one rule even men haven't quite understood — the prestige of your subordinates determines your own job power. It's no use hitching yourself on to somebody big. Unless there are others behind you, you can't be big yourself

EXPERTS' TIPS FOR WOMEN IN BUSINESS

Think differently: Men don't always think better than women, but because of their exposure they think differently. To succeed in business you need to incorporate variety into your own thinking, the "male" way.

Plan a career: A career is not your job, it is the sequence of steps you will take to reach the top. Do your job to further your career.

Aspire for something higher: Set your sights on the highest office. Treat anything less as a stepping stone on your climb to that peak.

Take credit for your work: Don't let another usurp the applause — unless it's going to get you better results in the long run by doing that!

Enjoy your job: If you don't, it's time to quit. You can't do anything you don't like well enough.

Get help when you need it: Everybody needs help at some time or the other. Besides, it gives others a chance to feel helpful and good once in a way.

Don't grudge others their jealousy: It's their way of respecting you. You can be sure you are getting somewhere higher.

Be loyal even to an incompetent boss: Try it; it's most difficult, particularly when everybody else talks nasty about him. It's better to say nothing if you can't say something nice.

Steer clear of politics: The people who involve themselves in politics are a constantly changing lot. The ones in it this time won't be around the next time. Join up with them only if you want to be left behind when they quit.

Don't wait for praise: Silence is praise enough: If you are not doing well, be sure you'll hear about it.

Exhibit a desire to be promoted: Don't express it in words. If there's a vacancy for a higher post in another department and your qualifications or experience seem adequate to you, discuss it with your boss. Try to find out if any added qualification or evening classes would get you that post.

Ask for raises: You have to ask to get. But don't nag your boss throughout the year. Wait and approach him a few weeks before the annual increments are drawn up. If nothing comes of it, at least your boss will know of your interest to get ahead.

Bounce back from your disappointments: It's like a football match between two teams. If you can't get them this time, call them for a return match — and make sure you're better equipped this time.

Don't give your boss the security theory: Don't overly play up the job security bit; make yourself secure. As long as you have brains, you need no other security.

An executive's word means money: If there can be a "man of his word," there can be a "woman of her word," too. Briefly, this is what integrity is all about.

Be a woman: Be yourself. But be a professional woman. Let your associates feel comfortable in your presence and not see you as a tomboy or an overbearing mammy.

Continued on page 33

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

DRASTIC STEP

The drastic step taken by the Bombay University in clamping Ordinance 119 on the unwary students is in keeping with the studied callousness shown by the University in recent years. Ordinance 119 insists on 75 per cent attendance during an academic year. This Ordinance had been dormant for the past six years and has been suddenly revived and thrust upon students without prior notice.

The main argument in favour of compulsory attendance appears to be that it ensures good results in the annual examination. But practical experience proves that there's many a large gap between physical presence in a classroom and attention to the matter taught.

If better results are to be obtained, we will have to repair the other defects in our crumbling educational system.

Compulsory attendance is by its very nature conversion by fire and sword and such a dogmatic approach can, at its best, achieve only short-term results.

The correct approach in such a situation would be to reframe the entire syllabus with the view of encouraging debates, discussions and informal talks in the classroom. Such a step would also encourage the lecturers to take a more active interest in their subjects, for the present method of teaching not only deadens the students' intelligence but also insults the teachers' abilities.

Thus the canteen which is today the centre for communication and exchange of ideas can be replaced by the classroom, with the help of an imaginative syllabus.

But this sudden concern of the university about the unhappy examination results is in contrast to its usual apathy. In fact, the university has in recent times displayed a remarkable lack of interest in and concern for matters pertaining to students. The fee rise, the scrapping of the October examinations, the abolition of the A.T.K.T. system, the sudden imposition of Mathematics as a compulsory subject for F.Y. B. Com. students, all prove the truth of the above statement.

Hence, it would be naive to believe that the university has reintroduced the compulsory attendance ordinance with only the welfare of the students in mind. If we dismiss this as untenable, then the only other possible reason that comes to mind is the resolve to deliberately victimise all students involved in any sort of political activity.

Bombay University has witnessed an unprecedented show of student militancy in the last 5-6 years. Ordinance 125, which has been reintroduced along with 119, places tremendous powers in the hands of the college principals, making it possible for them to victimise any student involved politically in the past.

Compulsory attendance benefits no one. The serious student who prefers to study on his own in the library rather than attend a lecture on a subject that requires more of "mugging" than understanding, will be the loser. And also the politically active student. The rich student, will still be bunking and will make his way around by bribing the peons to change the attendance muster.

Past experience has shown that all the minor concessions won by the students have been obtained by agitation and struggle. We have yet another fight ahead of us.

THRITY UMRIGAR
Bombay

UNPOPULAR RULE

What right has the Bombay University to withdraw examination forms of its students without giving due notice of the compulsory attendance clause? If at all the 'Varsity wants to bring back this old but unpopular regulation of compulsory attendance, it can do so only with effect from the next academic year 1980-81.

Many (highly) qualified professors are not able to express themselves and deliver worthy lectures; until an interest is aroused through their lectures, how can the students be expected to attend classes? I can vouch for the fact that many students come out more successful without attending even a single lecture!

I do not totally disagree with the Bombay University's decision to reimpose the ordinance of compulsory attendance, but I feel it's necessary to bring down the percentage of attendance to be recorded in a year and the case of employed students to be considered separately.

Bombay University students are undoubtedly the most disciplined and decent, but on no account can the strength of the student community in India be questioned — for which I need not cite examples of student power!

S. KRISHNA KUMAR
Bombay

students protest against compulsory attendance

BORING LECTURES

To our university authorities, students' rights are limited to promptly paying their fees and donations — any problems they have are too trivial to bother about.

Any number of rules and regulations crop up overnight, the students being quite unaware of the circulars that are being sent to the colleges. They are suddenly confronted with a new decision, and either have to run from pillar to post in the bureaucratic mess they call the university office or just sit back and accept their fate.

Many universities have this rule of compulsory attendance. But as a student one soon learns that if he/she is a defaulter there is nothing much to make a hue and cry about. One has only to pay a fine ranging from Rs. 25 to 100 to get a waiver certificate.

But wy should there be this rule? If the students choose to write the exam without listening to boring lectures it is their right. It is they who face the music anyway.

As for the attitude taken by private colleges like St. Xaviers in Bombay in stopping the students from taking the final exam and asking them to pursue courses in cake-making, etc. I think that's taking their superior attitude too far. If the students wanted to take up such courses wouldn't they have done so earlier?

It's good to see the students protesting vociferously over this issue and it is commendable that they have taken the matter to court.

GEETHA SATAGOPAN
Bangalore

Continued on page 46

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WHOLE MILK POWDER

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ASHA SACHDEV: PROMISING PROSPECTS WITH NEW IMAGE

"If I'm a failure now, I shall commit suicide. It's a shame to go on living if I don't make it," says Asha Sachdev, who is refusing revealing bikini clad roles and accepting parts where she has scope to exhibit only her talent

A. T. Jayanthi

Ever since Asha's been appreciated for her outstanding performance in "The Burning Train" she has turned career conscious. In fact, she has become obsessed with her career, to such an extent that she has severed all relationships to enable her to submerge herself totally in work, work and more work. She's off men too at present!

Also, Asha has walked out of her home, as her mother had a very upsetting influence on her. "My mother's constant hysterics made me so unstable that I very nearly came to wrecking my personal as well as my professional life. Believe me, the tension seemed to creep in every time I even thought of my mother. But you can fill a cup only with so much water; if you tried to pour in more after that it just spills over. This was what happened in my case. The tension became more than I could take. One day I sat up and asked myself. 'What the hell am I doing letting myself go to seed like this?' My personal life seemed to be jinxed, but Christ! At least I could get off my rump and take my career seriously, I decided.

"It was then that I quit home and started concentrating single mindedly on my work. I've got no choice in the matter now; I've just got to make it. I've appealed to God to help me make it or take me to Him, so that leaves God too with no choice. I swear I'm not joking. If I'm a failure now I shall commit suicide. It's a shame to go on living if I don't make it."

Asha's prospects seem bright at present, good enough to lure her away from morbid thoughts like suicide, "Yes! Now I've got good roles, but they should click. 'Kannhaiya' should do wonders for my career but one can't predict anything. All that I can say is that it's based on Charles Dickens' 'Oliver Twist' and I'm cast opposite dynamic artistes like Naseeruddin Shah and Amjad Khan and have an equally dynamic role.

"Recently I've signed for a film called 'Pyaasi' opposite Amol Palekar. It was rather nice of Amol to have agreed to do this film with me. If this film clicks I'll benefit greatly."

Besides these Asha has some other very good films too—with Mithun in "Haste Khelte", with Vijayendra in "Locket", with Kanwaljeet in "Satte Pe Satta" and with Amjad in "Hum Se Na Jeetha Koi" and "Ek Kadam Aage", which, incidentally, is also being directed by Amjad.

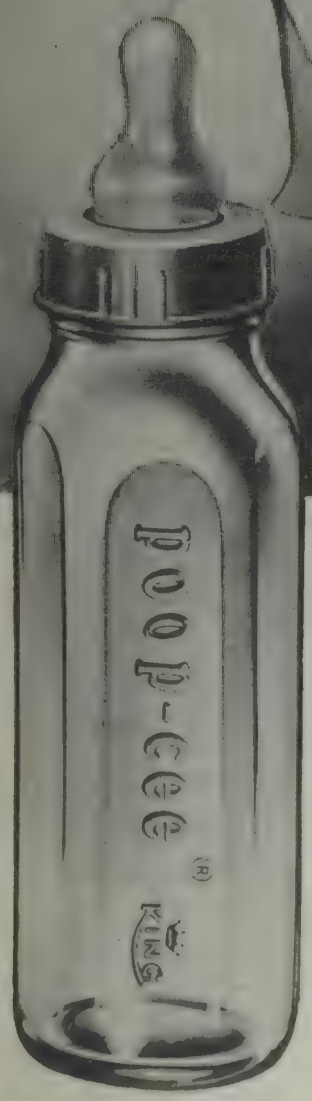
Asha started her career with a bang with Kiran Kumar in "Bindiya Aur Bandook" and then won praise for her performance in "Priyatama and "Woh Main Nahin", but slowly dwindled down to Mahendra Sandhu in "Agent Vinod". After that one never heard much of her.

"If I wanted, I could have played up to the people concerned and got myself some good roles but I've never, and I mean it, I've never compromised with my personal life to gain in my professional career. I refuse to let anyone exploit me or exploit someone else for my personal benefits."

So Asha's changed from the "dare-all" bindaas girl of the days of yore. She's refusing "revealing" bikini-clad roles, and accepting parts where she has scope to exhibit only her talent and nothing else.

Asha says, "It's only because mom was so severe with me, the atmosphere at home was so frayed that I used to gallivant such a lot. Now I am different, I very rarely go out and socialize. It's not that I've turned unfriendly, it's just that I've finally realized what I want out of life."

Photograph : D. R. Yadav



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INDIA'S HUNDRED MILLION

Thomas P. Matthai

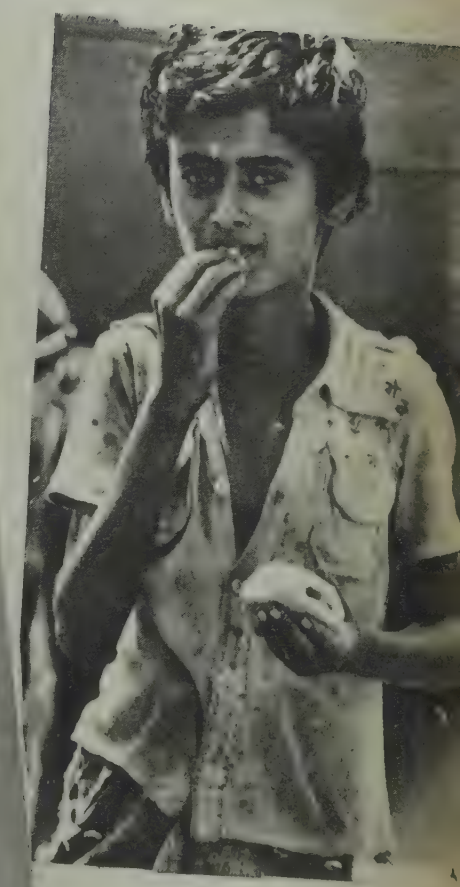


Photo: Homi Kharas

What human group could a hundred million represent in India? The strength of the unemployed and the substantially underemployed labour force? The army of all those drawing their salaries from the public exchequer at the Centre, in the States and in the State-owned enterprises, plus their dependants? There may be other interesting aggregates too that fill this bill but none so poignantly as the 100 million Indian children who live below what economists call, rather mechanically, the poverty line.

No more of the stark and stodgy statistics that have by now crept in to crowd the literature of the Year of the Child. The question is human. Why are so many children so poor in our midst? Is their number not increasing year by year? How do we first stem and then reverse the tide?

Maybe, we might start with recounting in order to avoid, the mistaken policies of the past. We have been planning our economy for neary three decades with little more than token gestures to child development. So the neglected children of the fifties have, if they did not succumb by the wayside, grown into the listless youth of today. We thought, and still do, that the duty of caring for the child rests with the family, not with the community, much less with the Government. There is, in this, traditional wisdom, but who will help the families that can't help themselves? A clear answer is yet to come.

If a child has to be fed, clothed, housed and educated, at least modestly, a per capita income of at least a hundred rupees a month, at current prices, would be necessary. But not even a third of our population has this order of income. Can this disability be overcome through state

Continued on page 41

THE KARNATAKA KALEIDOSCOPE

Hugh and Colleen Gantzer

Slowly, but inevitably, the South is building up for a massive international tourist boom. Here you have a journey through Karnataka

Slowly, but inevitably, the South is building up for a massive international tourist boom. But more remarkable than the foreign influx is the domestic one. Suddenly, Indians from the north, east and west have begun to discover the South. And if you like to sharpen your conversation with the spice of discovery ("You'll never believe where we went this year!") this is the time to experience the Mysore-Bangalore kaleidoscope before everyone else does.

A good place to start your tour is Mysore — the former capital of the former princely State of the same name, now called Karnataka. And the best time to be in Mysore is during Dasara (that's the way the festival is spelt in Karnataka), and though the pageantry is not half as spectacular as it used to be in the Maharaja's days, it's still glittering enough for most people. We still recall our first visit to the old capital many years ago. Our son, Peter, was not the six-footer he now promises to be; and so we bundled ourselves and our scooter into a train, trundled off at Mysore station, and began our two-wheeler tour. Karnataka's roads are, generally good and driving is a pleasure, but if you don't have your own vehicle you can catch the conducted tours that take you round the city and its environs.

Mysore is centered on the magnificent palace and holy Chamundi Hill. A great many people spent a great deal of money and time crafting India's palaces: and we use the word "crafting" advisedly. Skilled artisans laboured for much of their lives on murals and balconies, furniture, windows and doors. The least we can do is to devote half a day to appreciate their artistry. One door in particular — we shall not tell you where it is; look for it — is a thing of exquisite beauty, and can easily absorb a half-hour of the most hurried visitor's time.

Above: The best time to be in Mysore is during the Dassera festival when the pageantry is spectacular.

Mysore's Chamundi Hill on which is the famous monolithic black Nandi.

For the more leisurely tour we recommend a visit to the zoo, well-reputed. Also a walk down the unique Thandi Sadak — a long arbour which really lives up to its name as Mysore's "Cool Road." You'll need its refreshing shade after you ascend to, and descend from, Chamundi Hill. 13 km from town, the hill is crowned with the powerful Chamundeswari temple. Our guide told us that the hill is the petrified body of the great demon Mahishasura, slain by the greater shakti-power of the goddess. Mahishasura's effigy now stands guard over his victor's shrine: very photogenically, too.

The most photographed sculpture on Chamundi Hill, however, is the vast, black Nandi bull. A most impressive monument, this giant idol carved from a single stone has its left fore-leg slightly raised. Devotees often try to crawl through the arch made by the Nandi's bent knee, obviously, such instant redemption is not for the unagile and portly!

A typical Hoysala temple, its walls and pillars exquisitely carved.

The towering Gomateshwar — an immaculate giant carved of blue-grey granite.

Nor, for that matter, is a trip down the islanded Kaveri where herons nest in the water sanctuary of Ranganathittoo. We did the rounds in a coracle — a circular, leather-covered, basket-boat with sharp-edged boulders as seats and ballast, but we understand that more acceptable craft are now used. It's 3 km off the main road at Srirangapatna.

Srirangapatna itself, 16 km from Mysore, was the former captal of Tipu. Later, it was captured, garrisoned, and abandoned by the British. Today, it's a vast and echoing fortress with dungeons, tombs, a Gumbaz and a cool summer palace — some distance away — where starched and uniformed ranks of Britons are locked in eternal conflict with the fierce forces of Tipu — a battling, 18th-century mural of great interest.

In contrast with the fascination that Srirangapatna exercised over us, the famed Brindavan Gardens were a disappointment. We like our gardens flower-filled and foliage-cool: Brindavan is a formalised spectacle which owes more to concrete and causeways than green nature. But the evening illuminations are spectacular and wrung a throb from even our wilderness-biased hearts. And, judging from the reactions of our fellow tourists, our aversion to this famous garden is, apparently, a minority opinion!

140 km away, at a salubrious altitude of 920 metres, is the garden city of Bangalore. We are delighted every time our itinerary takes us to Bangalore because it is still, in spite of its phenomenal growth, one of the most civilized cities we have visited. It is gracious, flower-bedecked, stately and elegant — a fitting tribute to Tipu Sultan, warrior king, who ruled this town in the 18th century and lived in a columned palace of simple beauty before he died fighting the redcoats of Britain.

Bangalore also has a great deal to offer including shopping.

The shopping extends over a wide-spectrum big-town range, but watch out for the scooter and taxi drivers: they are being afflicted with big-town manners, or lack of them, and the police cannot, or will not, do anything about them.

But then, if you recall, there were hazards even in the garden of Eden!

For garden and flower lovers, Lal Bagh is a must. Laid out by Hyder Ali, enriched by Tipu and successive governments, this is a walker's, picnicker's photographer's delight. We spent a relaxed, bee-humming afternoon in the flower-bright, shade-dappled, lawns of Lal Bagh and built up our reserves for the day-long trip that followed.

Our tour began early next morning for we had many hundreds of kilometres to cover and three beautiful monuments to see. The

Photographs : Ganhar

roads of Karnataka give an excellent panorama of the season paced life of rural Deccan — very rewarding for people like us who love the Indian roads. And then our guide said, "Look at that hill in the distance. You see that figure standing on it?" The hill rose bare and domed and far away. And atop it the figure stood in awesome silhouette. "That's Gomateshwar," he said, "Sixty feet high and carved out of a single rock."

The climb is not for the faint-hearted: we were tired when, bare-foot, we reached the top of the 500 steps. But then, when we ducked through the stone entrance and into the open court, our tiredness vanished in wonder. There, standing before us, was the towering Gomateshwar — an immaculate giant carved of blue-grey granite. The image is stark nude, a carved ant-hill covers his feet, sculptured creepers climb up his legs and arms. But, most compelling of all is the serenity of the smile on the face of Gomateshwar.

Leaving the hill of the towering Gomateshwar behind us, we drove a further 52 km to the little town of Hassan. Hassan is at the apex of a triangle, the two base points of which are Belur — 39 km down the left fork — and Halebid — 32 km down the right. The triangle is completed by its Belur-Halebid base line of 15 km. Thus, for those who wish to spend more than just a day at these monuments, Hassan serves as an excellent base.

The 18th century murals of Tipu Sultan's summer palace depict his campaigns against the British.

And there is much to see in these little hamlets.

The temple of Belur stands in the centre of a vast, flagstoned, court entirely encircled by a high and protective wall. Here there is no sense of austerity, no Japanese use of attenuated line and endless space, no Jain renunciation. Not an inch of the stepped walls are left uncarved. Friezes of elephants and monkeys and entwining vegetation march around the temple confusing the mind with their sheer exuberance. But in all this abundance of riches, the most demanding of attention are the Mandanika bracket figures. Each figure, depicting full-breasted, sharp-featured, eminently graceful women, has been carved in 3-dimensional relief. Here, apparently, are women taken from the everyday life of the 12th-century Hoysala kingdom — a girl admiring herself in a mirror, a damsel penning a **billet-doux**, a maiden horrified at the scorpion on her sari. And women dancing, skirts swaying; women drumming, fingers entwined; women chasing away a monkey, beads and sari swinging in anger. We also spotted mini-skirts, hot pants, maxis and something that looked suspiciously like a polka-dot bikini!

But inside the temple it is all serenity and quiet and worship — a typically pragmatic blend of the sacred and the secular reflecting the life of a balanced and integrated age.

We could have spent the whole day at Belur, but we had a last call to make at the dark, squat, Hoysaleshwara temple at Halebid. "Halebid" means "ruined city" and this temple was ravaged by invaders. Nevertheless, this is still an exquisite twin temple — flat roofed and on a shoulder-high terrace. The sculptures are larger and more ethereal than those in Belur. But they are as detailed.

Slowly, the sun sank tarnished and gold across the old plains; and, slowly, the dark welled out of the black earth and covered the massed and brooding temple.

And then, when we could see it no more and stars sequined the night, we drove back in pensive silence to the lights of distant Bangalore.

TRAVEL DATA

MYSORE

Airport:	Bangalore
Rail:	Yes
Road:	Bangalore — 140km.; Ootacamund — 159km.
Accommodation:	From Lalitha Mahal Palace at Rs. 450 double for the Viceroy Suite to Dasaprakash at Rs. 33 non-A/C double.
Excursions:	Srirangapatna — 16 kms; Ranganathittu Bird Sanctuary — 16 km; Chamundi Hills — 13 km; Brindavan Gardens — 19 km.
Coach Tours:	Karnataka State Tourism Development Corporation Ltd. runs a daily tour covering Srirangapatna, Chamundi Hills, Mysore City and illuminated Brindavan Gardens.
Further Information Contact:	KSTDC Tourist Bureau, Kaveri Emporium, Sayyaji Rao Road, Mysore.

BRINDAVAN GARDENS

Accommodation:	Available at the KSTDC Tourist Home at Rs. 12 single and Rs. 20 double.

BANGALORE

Airport:	Yes
Rail:	Yes
Road:	Hyderabad — 563 km; Madras 331 km.
Accommodation:	From ITDC's Hotel Ashok at Rs. 220 A/C double to Berrys at Rs. 60 non-A/C double and Kamadhenu at Rs. 35 non- A/C double and lower.
Excursions:	Shravanabelagola — 160 km; Belur — 222 km; Halebid — 216 km.
Coach Tours:	Karnataka State Tourism Development Corpn., George Oakes Building, Bangalore 2, run the following tours: a) City sightseeing — daily except Sundays — Rs. 16. b) Belur, Halebid, Shravanabelagola — Fri. & Sun — Rs. 35. c) Mysore city incl. Srirangapatna & illuminated Brindavan Gardens — daily — Rs. 30.
Further Information Contact:	KSTDC Head Office, 10/r, Kasturba Road, Queen's Circle, Bangalore 1.

HASSAN

Airport:	Bangalore — 185 km.
Rail:	Yes
Road:	Bangalore — 185 km; Belur — 39 km; Halebid — 32 km. Shravanabelagola — 52 km.
Accommodation:	ITDC's Hassan Ashok — Non-A/C single — Rs. 55. A/C double — Rs. 130.

MY FRIEND RAJU

Prabha Rao

I introduced Raju into my life sometime when I was about five. He stayed with me for a year or a little more, during which time he became quite an institution for me. Then gradually, he disappeared from my existence, until he was no more than a vague but pleasant memory.

We had just shifted to Ooty, and I was jerked out of my frilled frocks of the nursery days into a uniform and school. The migration proved most unhappy. I was painfully shy, reserved, with that peculiar reserve that comes to a child when it joins a school in mid-term and all the others have already come to know each other and, friendships have been formed. It didn't help that we lived in a locality where there were no children of my age, and I soon had to learn to play by myself.

Needless to say, I made no friends in school and hated the thought of attending classes. My parents became worried about me, and even spoke to the teacher about it. My classmates were told to play with me, but with the strange perversity of little children, no one wanted to play with someone who had no one to play with!

It was then that I created Raju, probably the first expression of my creative talent. Perhaps I created him as a reaction to my loneliness, or perhaps because I desperately wanted to thumb my nose at my classmates, and tell them I had a friend after all. Whatever it was, I constructed him on commendably authentic lines — the fact that he survived for well over a year with nobody being the wiser proves his credibility.

A psychatrist would have been interested to note that Raju was the antithesis of what I was. Maybe an unconscious rejection of myself. I was big, fair and slow. Raju was small, dark with curly hair, witty, clever, and the teacher's unrivalled pet.

I remember coming home from school one day, and proudly announcing to the household that I had a friend — the cleverest boy who worked out all the sums, and made everyone laugh in class. In school I spoke of my friend Raju who lived near my home and preferred me to anybody else as a friend.

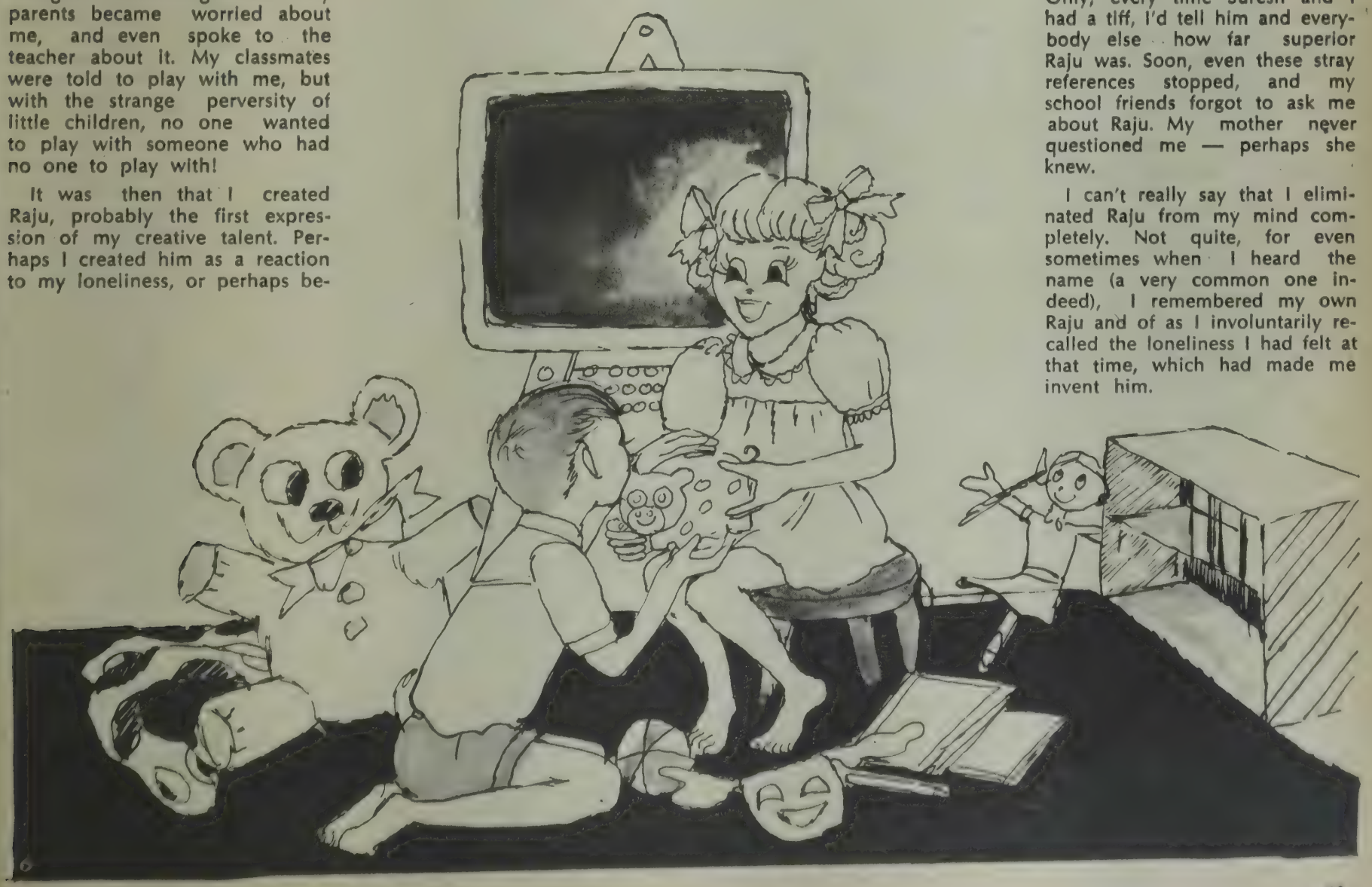
Soon Raju became almost real for me .When I did well in class, I did it like Raju. If I said anything particularly bright, it was just what Raju would have said, and so on. I used to have secret conversations with him. It's surprising what confidence even an imaginary friend can give. For, with my new found assurance, I actually made some friends in class, and regaled them with Raju's antics. My moods, and consequently my work, improved rapidly. I had reached a stage when I could have dispensed with Raju, but I wouldn't let him go. I still continued to wax eloquent about him; may be I wanted a spare, not being confident enough of my new found friends.

I REMEMBER COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL ONE DAY, AND PROUDLY ANNOUNCING TO THE HOUSEHOLD THAT I HAD A FRIEND — THE CLEVEREST BOY IN THE CLASS

It was Suresh who finally rang the death knell of Raju. Suresh and his parents moved in next door to us, and we were thrown into each other's company, there being no other children around. Probably if we had had a choice in the matter, we would never have made friends, for he was precisely the kind of boy I disliked. Brash, with the roughness that comes from being the youngest of a family, and very indifferent in class. He was the kind of boy who would not have put up with Raju gladly. He thought me silly, sulky, spoilt, and did not hesitate to voice his opinions. It was hardly a propitious beginning. However, we adjusted to each other and I discovered he was rather fun. After all, a live companion did have some points over an imaginary friend.

Slowly, but inexorably Raju was driven from my conversation. Suresh took his place. There were days on end when I didn't mention Raju even once. Only, every time Suresh and I had a tiff, I'd tell him and everybody else how far superior Raju was. Soon, even these stray references stopped, and my school friends forgot to ask me about Raju. My mother never questioned me — perhaps she knew.

I can't really say that I eliminated Raju from my mind completely. Not quite, for even sometimes when I heard the name (a very common one indeed), I remembered my own Raju and of as I involuntarily recalled the loneliness I had felt at that time, which had made me invent him.



BLACK AND WHITE

Dinoo Vacha

A strong favourite this season, it makes its debut in day wear as well. Basic white outfits dramatized with a touch of black. Try it with solid black yokes, dotted cummerbunds, wet-look handbags and quilted necklines. Or be casually fashionable in white, tapered trousers with a matching T-shirt enlivened with black piping and a checked pocket.

Fashion scores this season with shaped cummerbunds and tight churidars in shiny fabrics and diagonally striped laheria prints. And most of all the rising hemline — now stabilized at just below the knee!

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

COMING TO TERMS WITH LIFE

When Asha Jain saw her two-year-old daughter Shefali playing on the balcony, which was still under construction and had no railing, she rushed out in panic to pick her up and in the process lost her balance and was hurled forty feet below. Everything blacked out. When consciousness returned she found herself in a hospital. She had to undergo a series of operations and at the end of a long period of treatment, her spinal cord was found to be irrevocably damaged. She was completely paralysed below the waist and at the age of twenty years found herself condemned to an existence in a wheel-chair.

Asha spent more than a year in bed in an agonising state of despair, often racked by pain. It seemed as if her life was shattered for ever and there was no future for her. But she realised the folly of giving way to despair and decided to come to terms with life. Summoning every vestige of inner courage and determination she began to reshape her life. She tried to use crutches to move around, but every step was so painful that she had to finally give up the effort. So the wheel-chair became her only mode of locomotion.

It was almost a decade after this accident that I met her in her house in Indore. She was seated in her wheel-chair but the warmth of her smile as she welcomed me showed that she had triumphed over her tragedy. Her inner strength had given her a new lease on life and she had won the first prize in the Madhya Pradesh State contest for handicapped persons. She received the award from Mrs. Jayshree Bannerjee, the then Minister for Social Welfare in M.P., at a function organised by the Panchayat and Social Welfare Department at Jabalpur.

For Asha it has been a long and difficult journey. After that fateful day in Calcutta, she decided to resume her education which had been cut short by her early marriage. She went on to do her M.A. with Psychology. Asha recalled how she had to be carried to the various floors by her friends. "I was naturally unable to get up to wish the professors and some of them misunderstood this as lack of good manners, but when they found out my condition, they were very sympathetic," she reminisced with a smile.

After she completed her M.A., Asha underwent a PBX at a local firm. She then went on to do social work at the M.Y. Hospital in Indore. "Helping patients in their daily needs, writing letters for those who could not, reading newspapers to others, were some of the duties I undertook," she said. "Since the hospital had lifts I could move from floor to floor in my wheelchair without difficulty. I enjoyed my work tremendously, forgetting my own troubles while mixing with the patients. I was hoping to be absorbed there by and by, but was denied encouragement by the authorities and was forced to leave after eight months."

This again did not discourage her for long and she soon secured a job with the University Employment Bureau where she is working at present. The daily routine between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. keeps her busy. And being busy, involved, doing something worthwhile is what helps Asha lead a happy, normal life of social usefulness.

Asha's job is to guide and help unemployed engineers, doctors, and first class

M.A.'s and M.Sc.'s to secure jobs. She therefore meets a lot of people from all walks of life. "Hearing their stories," she said, "their troubles, keeps me in the mainstream of life. If I help them, they too help me. The other day an unemployed doctor came to me. He was extremely dejected as he was unable to get a job after trying a good deal. I told him my own story then, and said that a person with his qualifications, with sound, strong limbs, an alert mind, youth had no right to complain or be disheartened. He saw the truth of my words and left with new hope in his heart, resolved to make good."

But Asha's daily life encompasses much more than her official duties. She has a home and family, albeit small, to look after. She has to cater to their needs. Her special forte is cooking delicious meals. She can entertain as many as twenty guests at a time. This she can do easily as the kitchen is built to her requirements, with everything within easy reach. Even if the maid-servant is absent, Asha is able to do the washing by wheeling her chair right up to the sink. Of course, her school-going daughter Shefali is of great help.

"As for my husband," says Asha, "he has been a living god to me. He had to give up his job in the Army as I could not cope with transfers and we settled down in Indore. Though we are unable to have any more children, we are happy and contented."

But Asha Jain is even more than a career woman and housewife. She is a social worker, too. She visits slum areas and has held literacy classes at Paldah and Pushpakunj. Every week she goes along with a friend to the Azad Nagar slum area where she conducts classes in hygiene for children and occasionally entertains them with stories.

When questioned about the attitude of people towards a handicapped person like her, she said, "Most persons look upon us with pity, genuine sympathy is lacking. Again, if I go out to movies or for shopping, there are comments of pity, even of criticism. Though I try to ignore them, they hurt, because people just don't seem to realise that a handicapped person has every right to lead a normal life. Why should they feel that she should be confined to her house? Why should they feel that a handicapped person should be content to sit at home, a burden to herself, her family, to society? On the contrary, they should feel that they should help us to live a normal, useful life and show their appreciation when we try to do so."

As for the future, Asha has a dynamic attitude. "I have heard that persons like me are treated very differently abroad. There are special arrangements made even in cinema houses and libraries for us, I believe. I would like to see all that for myself, so that we too could have these facilities in our own country," she said. "Again today in Indore, why in the whole of India, there is no place where handicapped persons like me can get together. If the Government or any social organisation could make such arrangements for us, it would be so useful. We could get together, talk about our problems, discuss our ambitions and achievements and learn so much from each other."

The active, purposeful life she leads and her robust attitude towards the future make Asha Jain one of those handicapped persons who have no time for self-pity, for continuously complaining against Fate. To such people handicaps can be a positive asset, so that instead of being unproductive parasites on society, they are often its most useful productive members.

Sushama Kasbekar

HEART TO HEART

Confide your personal problems to Dr. Mahinder Watsa, c/o Eve's Weekly. Dr. Watsa is a leading sex and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight

SHE IS LOVE SICK

I am a South Indian girl of 20 deeply in love with a Punjabi boy who is working in the Defence services. For me it was love at first sight, but when I asked him whether he is serious about me and would marry me, he said he is attracted towards me only physically. I allow him to kiss me.

Now he is transferred and has not written to me although his friend has received a letter saying that he wants me to forget him so that I may marry some other boy. But I am deeply in love with him and wait for his letter every day. How can I win his love? I just cannot forget him.

The boy has told you openly that he wants you physically, but does not want to marry you. He does not bother to write to you even. Has he not made his intentions very clear? He may have his own reasons for doing so.

My advice would be that you enlarge your circle of friends so that you'll come across other young men. Your parents may suggest some too, and you keep

ENLARGE SOCIAL CIRCLE

an open mind about your present love. If he writes to you, do not jump to any hasty conclusion, but find out whether he is serious about his intensions.

HUSBAND NEGLECTS HER

I am a married woman of 44 years. We were very happy for the first four years after marriage but after my son was born my husband has stopped caring for me. He only wants my body. He is on his best behaviour outside the house, but at home he is very nasty. I am convinced that he is having affairs with other women. I cannot live without his love and affection and would have committed suicide had it not been for my son. What should I do?

You have to learn to adjust to the situation till your husband realises the value of a loving wife and a happy home life. At 44 years of age a woman usually enters menopause or change of life. Emotional disturbances, fear of the future, lack of confidence in oneself and the fear (false) that you are no more a woman, can create many conflicts in the home.

Why is your husband nasty when at home? Could it be that he finds you changed and finds no peace at home? If the menopause syndrome is bothering you, consult a knowledgeable doctor who can clear your misconceptions, restore your confidence and bring you out of depression.

You should broaden your sphere of activity. Is it not possible for you to accompany your husband to social gatherings which will divert your mind? When at home try to keep your mind occupied. Try to involve your husband in your activities, too. Could it be possible that too much attention to your son is coming in your way? Is there adequate privacy for you to spend moments alone with your husband? This could have upset him. After you have regained your confidence and developed a close relationship with your husband, you will find that it will be easy to tackle him regarding the other woman.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

FLAKY SKIN

My skin in flaky and looks coarse. What should I do to smoothen it?

C. D. (Panaji)

Before you have your bath, massage almond or olive oil all over your body and leave it on at least half an hour. The massage should be brisk and vigorous.

A course of Vitamin B complex will also help. A tablespoon of groundnut oil taken daily will keep your skin smooth and also help digestion.

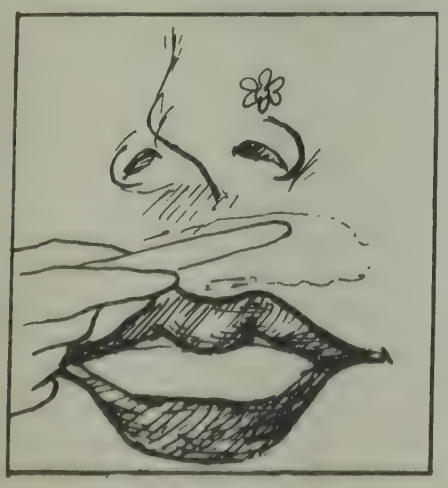
Protect your hands from the effects of water which robs the skin of its moisture. Apply a hand lotion after you wash your hands. When doing household chores or other rough work, wear rubber gloves.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I have never removed the hair under my arms so far. Is shaving alright? Also my armpits perspire profusely.

A.S.S. (Cochin)

BLEACHING UPPER LIP



Shaving is the easiest and quickest method of removing underarm hair. Be sure that you have a sharp blade in the razor. Use soap lather to cover the area and shave in the direction of hair growth. Rinse the area with warm water. Pat dry and apply a hand lotion. Never shave your forearms.

You can wax your hair too. The effect of waxing lasts longer as the hair is removed with the roots. Heat wax and cool it to body temperature. Apply wax on the part to be defuzzed, place gauze strips over it, let the wax set for a few seconds. Holding the edge, pull the cloth in the direction of the hair growth in one swift movement. Repeat the process till the entire area is defuzzed. You could have this done at a beauty parlour first.

An anti-perspirant will check excessive perspiration. But never apply this to armpits that have been freshly shaved. Wait for two to three hours.

HAIR ON UPPER LIP

I have a growth of fine hair on my upper lip. How should I remove it? Should I shave it off? Please suggest a remedy for bad breath.

G. F. (Hyderabad)

You should never use a razor on your face. Since the growth is fine you can bleach it or wax it. Take three teaspoons of 20-vol. hydrogen-peroxide and add to it a few drops of liquid ammonia. Apply it on the area and leave it on for about ten minutes. Rinse off. Your hair will take on a golden colour and will not be visible.

Indigestion, decaying teeth and bad gums cause bad breath. When you get up in the morning, gargle with a mouthwash. Or you can use the following for gargling: Add a teaspoon of salt to a glass of water. Or add a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of hydrogen-peroxide to a glass of lukewarm water.

If the condition persists, consult a doctor.

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Nerolac Paints help you choose

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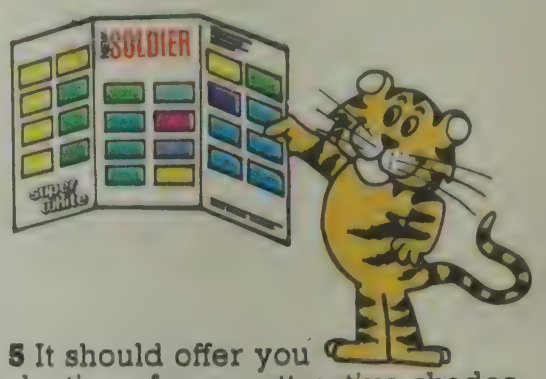
1 It must come in a paste form, bound with a stable oil emulsion medium.

2 It should be easy to apply and should dry to a beautiful, durable, matt finish.

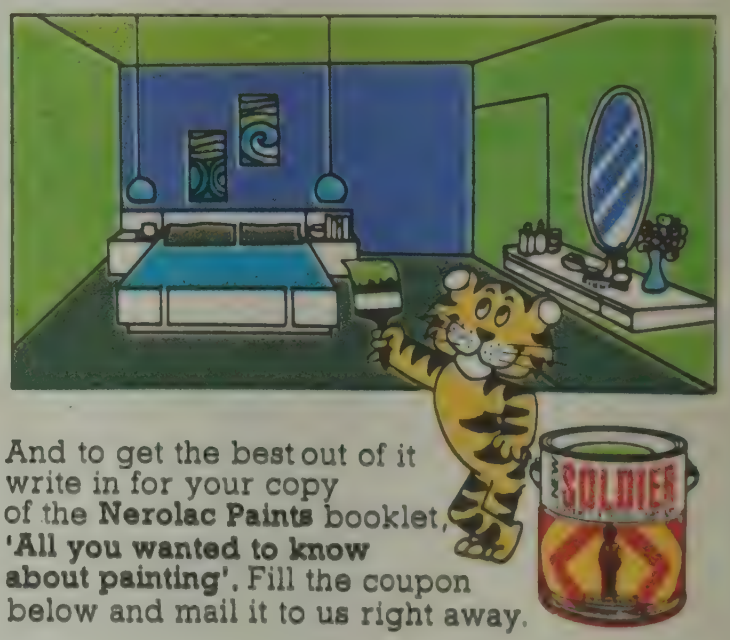
3 It must provide adequate protection to walls against moisture, bacteria and fungus.

4 It should retain its freshly painted look.



5 It should offer you a selection of many attractive shades.

You will find all these qualities and more in **Nerolac's Soldier Brand Oil Bound Distemper.** The question therefore, is not only how much you can spend but what you spend it on. So buy the right distemper.



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THE CHUTNEY CRAZE !

Chutneys, like pickles, are always in great demand at the dining table whenever the food is uninteresting and unappetising. It enlivens the taste of bland foods and whets the appetite.

In India, we have a wide variety of preserved chutneys prepared from green mangoes and various other fruits and vegetables such as plums, apples, tomatoes, and also the freshly ground ones mainly from coconut and various green masalas. Chutneys from mangoes are popular commercially, particularly for the export market.

The chutney is broadly defined as any cooked fruit in syrups, with spices, salt and vinegar added in the preparation. It should have a palatable and appetising flavour. The raw materials used are cut into small pieces and either ground to a smooth paste or cooked till soft. Slow cooking at a low temperature, far below the boiling point for a long time, yields better results than a brisk cooking at a high temperature. Onions and garlic are added in the beginning; otherwise, if added towards the end, they spoil the flavour. Dry spices are usually powdered fine, and sometimes extract of spices added to the chutney at the final stage of finishing to avoid loss of the essential oils in the spices.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

MANGO CHUTNEY

1 kg mangoes
1 kg sugar
30 grams each cummin seeds, cloves, cinnamon, peppercorns, cardamoms
250 ml. vinegar
125 grams onions
25 grams garlic
15 grams red chillis
50 grams salt

Peel the mangoes and soak for a little while in salt water. Shred the mangoes and discard the stones. The shredded mango should weigh one kilogram. If the mangoes are slightly hard, warm them after shredding in a small amount of hot water to soften. Add sugar and salt and mix them well. Chop the onions and garlic. Tie the garlic, onion, chillis and spices in a In a muslin cloth and put into the pan containing the mango mixture. Place on the fire and cook till the excess water evaporates and the mixture thickens. Add vinegar and cook till thick.

SWEET AND HOT APRICOT CHUTNEY

1 kg dried apricots
750 grams sugar
750 grams vinegar
30 grams salt
30 grams ginger
30 grams chillis

Soak the apricots in water for forty-eight hours and then boil them for an hour or so till soft. Grind ginger, chillis, salt and sugar and mix them thoroughly with the apricots. Boil the mixture till the consistency of jam is obtained. Add vinegar. Cook till thick. When cool, fill into jars.

MINT CHUTNEY

30 grams mint leaves
15 grams onions
3 grams green chillis
3 grams green mango or dried pomegranate seeds
Salt to taste

Wash all the ingredients and chop them. Grind them together to a fine paste.

GARLIC AND COCONUT CHUTNEY

1 pod garlic
2 tsps. chilli powder
¼ dried coconut
Salt to taste
¼ tsp. mustard seeds
A pinch asafoetida
1 tbsp. oil

Grind the garlic, coconut, and chilli powder to a fine paste. Heat the oil and fry the asafoetida and mustard. When the mustard begins to splutter, remove and pour over the paste. This chutney will keep for only a day.

KANDI PACHADI (Andhra Style)

125 grams red lentils
6 red chillis
½ tsp. cummin seeds
Salt to taste

Roast the lentils on a griddle and grind with salt. At the last stage of grinding, add cummin seeds and chillis. This goes well with rice, adding a little of pure ghee.

GREEN COCONUT CHUTNEY

½ bunch coriander leaves
¼ coconut, grated
½ tsp. cummin seeds
½ inch piece ginger
2 cloves garlic, flaked
2 green chillis
1 sour lime
Salt to taste

Grind all the ingredients to a fine paste. Add lime juice. Mix well. This chutney is a good accompaniment with samosas, sandwiches and pakodas.

GINGER PACHADI

15 grams green ginger
3-4 green chillis
1 tsp. mustard seeds
1 large onion
1 cup curds
1 sprig curry leaves
½ coconut
1 tbsp. oil
Salt to taste

Grind the coconut and mustard seeds to a paste. Slice the ginger and soak in water for one hour. Chop onion and green chillis. Boil the ginger, green chillis and onion in very little water.

Beat the curds. Add the coconut paste and the boiled ingredients. Heat oil, add a few pieces of onion, a few mustard seeds and curry leaves. When mustard seeds begin to splutter, add the curd mixture. Stir and remove.

AMLA CHUTNEY

1 kg amla
1 kg sugar
15 grams red chillis
15 grams ginger
150-200 ml. vinegar
40-50 grams salt
25 grams cardamoms, cloves, cinnamon
15 grams garlic

Steam the amla for fifteen minutes in a pressure cooker. Remove the seeds and pass through a mincer.

Add sugar and salt and two cups of water. Leave for about half an hour till the sugar and salt dissolves. Cook the pulp on a low fire. Tie the spices loosely in a muslin bag and immerse in the mixture. Cook till thick. Remove the mixture from the fire and add vinegar. Fill chutney in jars.

SWEET APPLE CHUTNEY

2½ kg sour apples
1 kg sugar
750 grams vinegar
250 grams raisins
30 grams ginger
30 grams salt

Peel, core and slice the apples thinly and put them in a pan. Cut the raisins and chop the ginger. Boil all the ingredients except sugar and vinegar gently with a little water till the apples become soft. Add sugar and vinegar and cook till thick.

GROUNDNUT CHUTNEY

25 grams groundnuts
2 tsps. red chillis
5-6 cloves garlic, flaked
A small ball tamarind
¼ tsp. cummin seeds
¼ tsp. sugar
Salt to taste

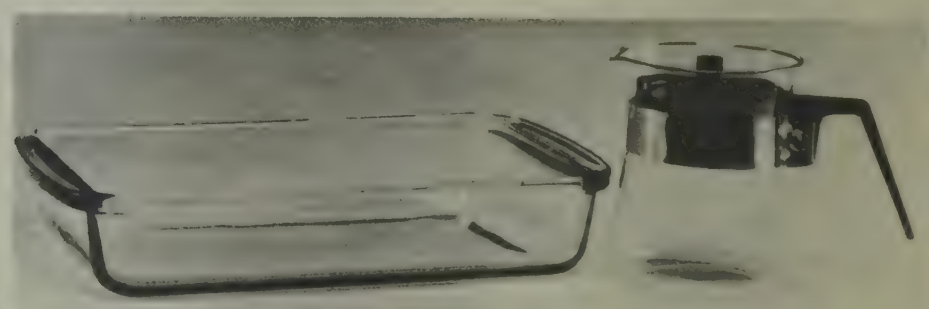
Soak the tamarind in water and extract the pulp. Grind all the ingredients together coarsely, using tamarind juice to make a paste. This chutney will keep for three to four days.

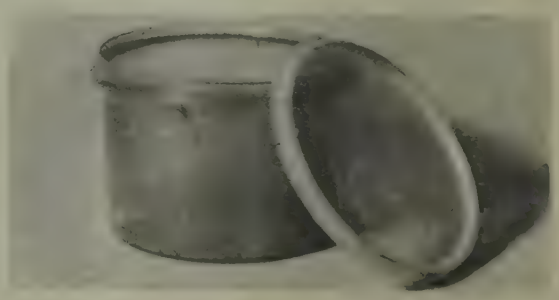
Duru Jagtiani
(Author of "Chutneys and Pickles of India")

ANNOUNCING MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, from July 1980, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize:

1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) A Utility Dish and a 2-cup Carafe from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, Bombay, 4) An Igloo Hotpack and Bambi Bottle-Flask from METOPLAST IGLOO PRODUCTS, Delhi, and 5) A Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay.





RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Subhadra Bhaskar, Madras.

DILKUSH MIXTURE

200 grams horse gram
200 grams Bengal gram
200 grams dal (any)
400 grams Bengal gram flour
1 tbsp. lemon salt
1 tbsp. red chilli powder
Salt to taste
½ kg oil

Dissolve lemon salt in water and soak the horse gram in it overnight. Soak Bengal gram and dal separately in enough water overnight. Next day, drain the water and deep fry all the dals separately until crisp and spread out on newspaper to absorb excess oil. Knead the Bengal gram flour into a stiff dough with water. Put the dough little by little in the sev press and make very thin sev. Deep fry till crisp. Keep separately. Break the fried sev into small bits. Mix all the ingredients together and store in air tight jars.

Mrs. S. Sondhi, Meerut.

CHOCOLATE BALLS

250 grams khoya
2 tsps. chocolate powder
50 grams coconut, grated
¾ tea cup sugar, powdered
4-6 biscuits (not salted)

Mash the khoya. Add sugar and mix well. To make it soft, add one to two teaspoons of milk. Powder the biscuits and add to the sweetened khoya. Then add chocolate powder and half of the grated coconut. Mix well and shape the mixture into balls. Roll the balls in the remaining coconut. Serve at parties.

Mrs. Elsie Ipe, Kerala.

COCONUT PUDDING

3 tbsps. custard powder
7 tbsps. sugar
2 tbsps. nuts, chopped
2 tbsps. seedless raisins
1 tbsp. jam (any)
1 tsp. dates, chopped
½ cup vermicelli
4 glasses coconut milk
½ cup banana, chopped
¾ cup dessicated coconut
3-4 tbsps. ghee, melted

Dissolve the custard powder in a little coconut milk. Fry the nuts, raisins and two tablespoons dessicated coconut separately. Steam the chopped bananas and keep aside.

Mix three glasses of coconut milk with three tablespoons sugar and the dissolved custard powder. Cook until fairly thick. Remove from fire. Mix with two tablespoons coconut. Pour one third of it into a wet, greased pudding mould.

Now in quarter cup water cook the remaining dessicated coconut with two tablespoons sugar. When the water evaporates, add the steamed banana and stir until the mixture becomes dry. Remove from fire and spread this over the custard layer. Ladle out another layer of custard over it.

Cook the vermicelli in the remaining coconut milk with two tablespoon sugar. When tender, add half of the fried raisins and nuts. Remove from fire and form the third layer with this mixture. Spread out the remaining custard over this. Mix the remaining coconut, nuts, raisins, dates and jam. Dot the pudding with this. Refrigerate and serve.

WEEKLY WINNER

BHARATI ADWANI, Bombay.

Mrs. Advani wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a Utility dish and 2-cup Carafe from Borosil Glass Works, an Igloo Hotpack and Bambi Bottle Flask from Metoplast and a Cook Book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

AMBEDAL WITH RAW MANGO SHERBAT

2 cups Bengal gram dal
2 big raw mangoes, chopped
1 tsp. cummin seeds
¼ tsp. mustard seeds
A pinch asafoetida
1 inch piece ginger
5 green chillis
½ bunch coriander leaves
Salt to taste
½ coconut, grated

FOR THE SHERBAT:

½ kg raw mangoes
800 grams sugar
Salt to taste
A pinch cardamom powder
Water as required

Soak the dal in water for three to four hours. Grind to a smooth paste. Grind separately the raw mangoes, green chillis, ginger and cummin seeds. Mix this ground paste to the dal mixture. Mix well. Heat oil. Splutter the mustard seeds, and asafoetida. Pour over the dal mixture. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves and coconut scrapings. Serve with mango sherbat.

FOR THE MANGO SHERBAT:

Boil the raw mangoes, peel and extract the pulp. Add sugar, salt, water and cardamom to the pulp. Mix well and strain. Serve with ambedal.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

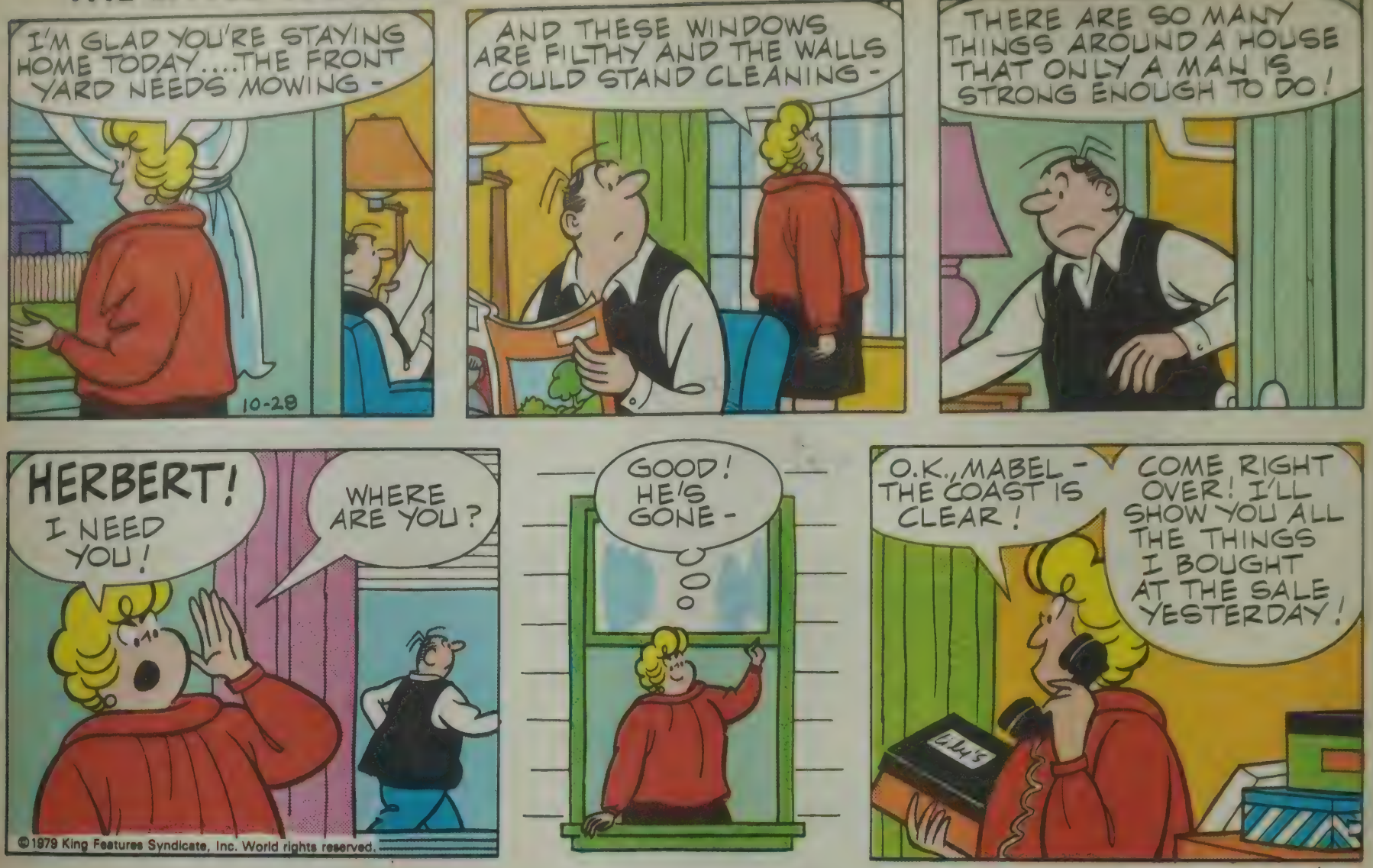
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin


I'M GLAD YOU'RE STAYING HOME TODAY....THE FRONT YARD NEEDS MOWING -
10-28
AND THESE WINDOWS ARE FILTHY AND THE WALLS COULD STAND CLEANING -
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS AROUND A HOUSE THAT ONLY A MAN IS STRONG ENOUGH TO DO!
HERBERT! I NEED YOU!
WHERE ARE YOU?
GOOD! HE'S GONE -
O.K., MABEL - THE COAST IS CLEAR!
COME RIGHT OVER! I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE THINGS I BOUGHT AT THE SALE YESTERDAY!
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

Flash a smile. Pass it on.

Now you have refreshing reasons to smile:

Flash freshness...the blue oral cleanser in Flash clears stale breath and decay-causing germs.

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Flash taste...so m-m-much tinglier you'll want to brush longer for the sheer joy of it.

Total mouthcare in a flash!

Flash DENTAL CREAM **with a fresh sky-blue mouth purifier.**

BINA DAS

FIERY REVOLUTIONARY

Still active in public life and working hard from morning to night, she is completely disillusioned with the politics of today

Bina Das (now Bhowmik) was born in Cuttak on May 28, 1907. Her father was the famous teacher of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose, Beni Madhav Das, who was also the headmaster of the Ravenshaw Collegiate School in Cuttak. He was an idealist and a patriot, always inspiring his pupils to fight for the country's freedom. His young daughter, Bina, naturally imbibed this passionate patriotism.

She was herself a brilliant student and highly cultured, and none could have imagined that one day she would rush at the Governor of Bengal with a revolver in hand and that too in the Convocation Hall, the sanctum sanctorum of University education.

Bina's first taste of politics was in 1928 when she picketed against the Simon Commission at her college gate. In the same year, during the Congress session in Calcutta, her elder sister, Kalyanidi, and she became enthusiastic members of the volunteer corps. She also joined a revolutionary group of girls. The Chittagong Armoury Raid of April 1930 and the series of revolutionary actions that followed instilled a new spirit into the youth of Bengal. So Bina became a "victim" of the "environmental hazard." Her own turn however, had to wait for some time.

It was on Feb. 6, 1932 that she was to receive her B.A. degree at the Convocation. Sir Stanley Jackson, the then Governor of Bengal and Chancellor of the Calcutta University, was at the mike reading the Convocation address. Bina coolly left her chair and aimed her bullets at the V.I.P., but he ducked just in time, and though badly shaken, survived the attack.

Col. Suhrawardi jumped down from the dais and pounced on the slender girl and almost strangled her in his attempt to snatch the revolver from her, but she went on firing at random to the last bullet. None, however, was injured seriously.

Police took her to the much dreaded torture-chamber of the Elysium Row, but mercifully the torture was limited to the oral — abuse and insults and threats. What they wanted to know more than anything else was the source of the weapon. Not a word passed Bina's lips.

The trial was over in the record time of just one sitting. The statement she made in the court still stirs the blood. "I am entirely responsible for this," she declared. "My object was to die fighting against this despotic system of Government which has kept my country in perpetual subjection to its infinite shame and endless suffering. I have been wondering if life is worth living in an India so subject to wrong and continually groaning under the tyranny of a foreign government. Would it not be better to make one supreme protest against it by offering one's life?"

But Bina did not die as her aim had missed and no death resulted, but this delicately brought up, cultured girl spent seven long years in prison, mostly in the Midnapur Jail along with Shanti and Suniti of Comilla, and Kalpana of Chittagong. On her release in 1939 she associated herself with the magazine "Mandira".

But she was not destined to enjoy freedom for long. She went behind bars again during the Quit India Movement.

On release from jail she plunged into politics but this time of a different nature. She joined the Congress to "capture" it and give the organisation "an alternative leadership," in accordance with M.N. Roy's thesis of the time, but she could not agree with his pro-war ideas. She worked in villages and among workers. She had some differences with Subhas Bose too but always enjoyed his personal affection. Moreover, she never had any ideological opposition to his joining the Axis powers to secure help for India's emancipation. She had always been opposed to the Communist characterisation of the war as "People's War."

On release, she became a member of the Legislative Assembly, 1946-51, but very soon came the communal holocaust of Calcutta and Noakhali. She soon found herself by the side of many other women revolutionaries of Bengal, busy consoling and helping the victims. Later, after Partition, she worked whole heartedly for refugee rehabilitation. Appropriately enough, she chose the bonds of matrimony when India achieved freedom from her centuries old bonds of slavery.

As a labour leader she fought against the management of the Amrit Bazar group of papers which started criticising her violently. She sued them for defamation and had the warm support of top lawyers though Mr. Sidharth Shankar Ray was with the Patrika. She won the case, but lost faith in the Congress which played a double game.

In Independent India she went to jail twice, the last time in 1964, during "Save the Minority" movement. The Bangla Desh Liberation War saw her at the Jessore front. She plunged into politics for the last time when opposing the Communist Government's action in driving out the refugees from Marich-Jhapi. She was disillusioned about the Left Front.

During my visit to Calcutta in October-November last year, I had the opportunity to meet her more than once. She is still active in public life, working from morning to evening. But she is completely disillusioned with the politics of today and has chosen to be "far from the madding crowd" of power politics.

She has lost all faith and hope in today's politics without principles. Our leaders talk of justice and equality and do things to the contrary. She reacts strongly to this sickening hypocrisy, but immediately becomes conscious of her age and lack of organisation. Hers is a voice in the wilderness, an impotent rage. Tragic it is that this woman, once a fiery revolutionary, the embodiment of courage and confidence, is today reduced to this condition of impotence, but then her name is written in letters of gold in the annals of our freedom struggle, and her contribution to it has won the abiding veneration of the nation.

Satyavrata Ghosh

IN A MAN'S WORLD

Continued from page 13

Practise logic: It's better to rely on logic more than anything else to make a point. If you aren't ready with a logical sequence of points, it's better to ask for time than to flounder and scream.

Find new ways to say "no" to a man: Men making passes at women is a very common thing. Your office might be no exception. Learn to discourage unwelcome advances with a firm and decisive "no," without making the man feel defective or degenerate.

Dress appropriately: When you buy clothes, choose with discretion. Let people compliment the dress, and not you in that dress, for a change.

Treat co-workers with respect: Don't let it be said that women put each other down.

For God's sake, don't cry: Your boss may think you are weak and ineffective, or just cleverly trying to manipulate him. Both ways you'll lose a lot of ground.

Don't get down to first names too soon: If people insist on you calling them by first names, say you will in future. Without affronting them you can actually go up to them and say politely "Do **you** suppose I could do this?", or "I just wanted to check with you . . ." — you don't need to use any name.

Be punctual: Don't be late, whatever happens. Men are surprisingly quick at saying, "Just like a woman."

Be the first to offer a hand: You'll make any male uneasy at the start wondering if you will respond to his handshake. Your aim should be to let him feel comfortable in your presence.

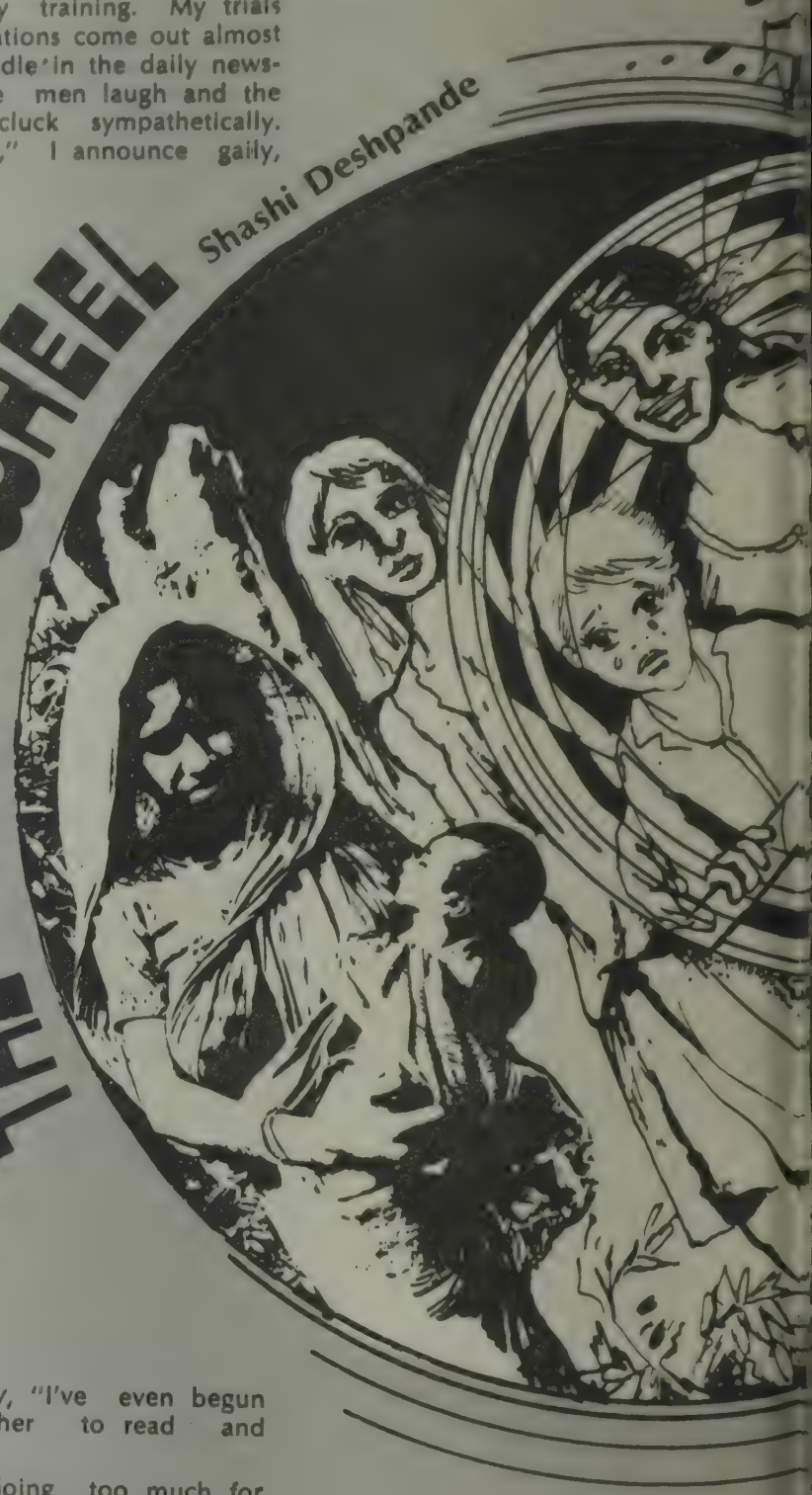
Don't confuse hard work with long hours: If you've been systematic and smart, you need hardly stay back to complete unfinished work. In just 48 hours a week, you should outperform a man who works 60 hours.

Keep in touch with trends: Subscribe to a lot of magazines on a variety of subjects, it pays to be well-informed.

Find out about the boss's job: Do you think your boss's job is worth shooting for? Has a woman ever been at the top in this set-up before? Are you sure you can reach there? If yes, you're well on your way.

THE GIANT WHEEL

Shashi Deshpande



SUDDENLY SHE IS GROWN UP. SHE HOLDS HERSELF WITH AN ODD PRIDE AND SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AS SHE WALKS. IT'S NOT FOOD THAT SHE PILFERS NOW, BUT OTHER THINGS . . . MY PINS, POWDER, CREAMS

"IT seems you want a girl to work for you?" the woman, infant on hip, child by her side, asks.

I should be cynical by now. I tell myself I am. But, at these words, hope surfaces once more. Maybe, this is it. Maybe, my luck has turned. And then, as I look at the human being offered to me, all hope is dispelled.

A mere child. Her face is all bones — ugly, immature bones. Eyes, large, hard and darting about in unconcealed curiosity. Her body is all knees and elbows, hands and feet. The rest is covered by a skimpy white blouse that barely reaches the top of her skirt, the collar greasy and black, the front held together, not by buttons, but by two large, rusted safety pins. The skirt is tied round the waist by a piece of string. It has a large tear in the front. Someone has tried to repair it and large, uneven white stitches plainly stand out on the faded-almost-to-a-white blue.

Too small. But I can teach her. At least, she won't be over-smart like the older girls. She won't stay long, though. What does it matter, anyway? I have no one at all now. If she stays two days, that's two days' work done.

"Has she worked before?"

"She's been working for the last five years."

Five years? How old is she, I want to cry out. But, that's none of my business.

"Two years in a Parsi house. She knows all the work. Try her."

"All right," I say finally, as if I'm doing her a favour. "I'll try her out. But no stealing, mind. If I lose something, I'll know it's her. I have no one else at home."

"We're not that sort," the mother says indignantly. "If we want something, we'll ask for it. We never touch anything that is not ours."

We bargain about the pay and the hours of working. Just before leaving, the mother says, a furtive expression on her face, "And don't ever give her pay to her father. Even if he comes and tells you I've asked him to take it. He'll just drink it all up. Don't give it to the girl, either. Give it in my hands."

Now I notice the woman for the first time. She has the agelessness of the female poor. Sagging, large-nippled breasts that speak of many children. A sallow face, all bones and paan-stained teeth. Pelvic bones sticking out of her worn-out sari.

"All right," I say casually, eager to start the girl on work that has piled up.

A hundred, a thousand times I regret taking her on. But what alternative did I have? For the first few days, she eats as if she has been starved all this while. With the bland assurance of a wanted guest, she tells me, "And give me more chutney. I like it. If you don't have any, you can give me some pickle. I don't mind."

With a dogged patience I drill it into her that she must eat just what she is served. She must not waste anything, either. With equal determination I go through the chores with her each day. "No, don't bring that rag for wiping the table. That's for the floor." She seems amused at first by my insistence on such small details, then gets sulky. She runs away home on the third day. Her mother brings her back. She's a petty thief. In spite of her large meals, she eats anything she can lay her hands on the moment I turn my back on her. She's lousy. . . literally. Nothing, it seems, can rid her of her lice. She scratches herself vigorously in the midst of her work and wonders at my disgust. I send her home and ask her mother to cut her hair. She comes back clean-shaven, her ugly face looking at me accusingly.

And then, the worst is suddenly over.

She stops being homesick, stops moaning at night. All at once, life seems easier. She lifts the books from the table when dusting it, she goes into the crevices of chairs and sweeps under beds and chairs. She eats with restraint and does not complain about the food being too bland any more. I buy her a new set of clothes. Her hair grows out and she moves about our house with assurance. I can even call people for dinner now, knowing for sure I won't be left stranded on the day. She is excited about all the preparations and when the guests come, she stands and stares at them until I admonish her and shoo her away.

She's a good topic of conversation, I find. I make a funny, a ridiculous story of her ignorance, and of my training. My trials and tribulations come out almost like a middle in the daily newspaper. The men laugh and the women cluck sympathetically. "And now," I announce gaily, triumphantly, "I've even begun teaching her to read and write."

"You're doing too much for her," a guest says. "Ultimately, they're all ungrateful."

It's nearly midnight when they all leave. I find her lying curled up on the kitchen floor. Large cockroaches are roaming boldly on the floor, like invaders who've taken over. As I switch on the light they scuttle away with a crackling sound that sets my nerves on edge: One flies in the air terrifying me as it comes near. She sleeps on. I can wake her only after a dozen vigorous shakes. She opens her eyes blearily. Her hair is standing grotesquely in spikes about her head. Her skirt has ridden high, showing her bony thighs, her striped, grimy underwear. She looks sullen, exhausted. I wait until she is completely awake and take her with me to clear up.

Once she returns from her weekly visit home full of excitement. She can't wait to tell me about it.

"There was a lot of trouble in our chawl today."

"What happened?"

"One of the girls was having an affair with a boy of another caste. Her father found her out and beat her up and locked her up. She ran away to him. It seems she's going to marry him now."

"That's good."

"Good!" The face is full of righteous indignation. "To marry a boy of another caste! Better to

die than to lose your caste. None of our people will ever talk to her now. We people will never accept her now."

As I try, futilely, to convince her that times have changed, I realise how rarely she says, "I." It's always "our people" and "we." As if she feels that by herself she's nothing. But she's becoming part of us. I take her to a fair one day. She becomes solemn with ecstasy. When we see the giant wheel, my child agitates for a ride. I suffer from vertigo. "You go with him," I tell the girl. Her face lights up. There is not enough room really for all that joy on her face. I watch in benign pleasure as they get on. My son waves to me. "Bye, mummy," I wave back and smile at him. She too waves as the wheel gets into motion. . . to no one in particular. The wheel begins to move. I feel a premonitory vicarious lightheadedness. They are right on top now, and then the seat dips as the wheel brings them down. I am ready to smile, but in the brief moment before they go up again I see my son's face. . . terrified and anguished. They are already up before I can take in anything more. Noise shrieks, laughter. And through it all I can hear the terrified cries of "Mummy, mummy." He comes down again holding both his arms out frantically as if begging to be taken out. His mouth is open, tears are streaming down his face. I am frantic. . . suppose he jumps out? I gesture to the girl to hold him. She is laughing, her hair blowing wildly behind her. I shout loudly, angrily, futilely. She goes on laughing. The wheel keeps moving.

Finally it is over. I lift my child off the seat and he clings to me sobbing and shivering. The girl gets off, her walk as unsteady as a drunkard's. I begin to rage at her. "Didn't you hear me yelling?" She stares at me blankly. She is still lost in the joys of movement. Soon, her face relapses into sullenness. She trails behind us. Finally she stops. "What's the matter now?" I ask with a weary patience. She does not reply. Instead she bends and vomits copiously. I stare in disgust and anger. In the bus, I sit away from her. My child sleeps on my lap.

Once she falls ill. She lies shivering under a thin sheet. "Are you all right?" I ask her pointlessly. **Should I give her another blanket? Once I do, I can't take it back. I've given her two sheets already.**

Ultimately I make a cup of tea for her and take it to her along with an aspirin.

"Come on, get up and take this."

I hold the cup gingerly. It's her cup . . . grimy, the cracks in the porcelain filled with dirt. My fingers twitch with disgust as I hold it. She groans, huddled under the sheet.

"Come on," I urge, gently at first, then impatiently as she mumbles, "I don't want anything." At last I induce her to take the aspirin. I go through this exercise three times a day wishing I could send her home. But what if she never comes back?

And now suddenly she is grown up. She holds herself with an odd pride and self-consciousness as she walks. It's not food that she pilfers now, but other things. . . my pins, my powder, my creams. She takes a long time for her bath. She irons her own clothes quickly and furtively in the midst of our ironing. She buys a tin of powder, a bottle of cheap red nail polish. She is filling out. Her breasts, her hips obtrude themselves on your notice. There is a kind of femaleness about her that seems to draw attention to itself. She takes longer and longer to return when I send her out for anything. She runs eagerly to open the door each time the bell rings. Once or twice I find her conversing with a young man. "My cousin," she blandly explains. Her eyes are dreamy as she grinds the spices for me on the black grinding stone. Her mind is elsewhere. She goes on grinding until I shout at her to stop.

She is intensely curious now about the male-female relationship. I see her poring over pictures in magazines. Once, opening the door of our bedroom in the morning, I find her staring at it, her eyes full of an avid, greedy curiosity. She sees me and her eyes go blank with the shock of discovery.

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THE GIANT WHEEL

When her mother comes to see me in the middle of the month, my heart sinks into my stomach. I know what it is, and I am right. The girl is getting married.

"Very soon," the mother says. "I'm taking her home now."

I am angry, outraged. The girl's wedding means nothing to me. I am furious at the way they have let me down. Not even a day's notice.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"What can I do? I came to know myself only last Sunday. They've fixed it up themselves ... she and a boy who lives in a chawl near ours. He's a non-Matric. He's a peon somewhere."

None of it means anything to me. I can only think of the fact that I have to do the work myself now and start looking out for someone else. I call the girl out and say, "You're getting married, I believe?"

She turns a fiery red. Her whole face colours up ... her ears, her neck too. It's a painful, angry colour. And suddenly I hate her. I know the reason for this hurried marriage and I despise her for her animal femaleness. I try to ignore the thought ... what other weapon has she got?

She goes with her mother, leaving without a backward look, without a word about my son who is at school. Ungrateful, I think sourly. When she comes to see me a few days before her wedding, I give her some money as a gift. She looks round in a remote and superior way ... like a girl visiting the school she's passed out of. There is something brazen about her. She behaves as if the fact of her marriage has made her my equal. My new girl stares at her predecessor with envy and curiosity.

I see her once after her marriage waiting at a bus stop. She is a woman now, and looks vigorously alive ... all female ... clinging to a young man wearing floppy white trousers and a garishly coloured shirt. She does not see me, nor do I give her a second look. She has gone out of the orbit of my life.

But she comes to me a year later, a child in her arms. Her face is wan, the glow has gone out of her. She pretends it is a visit ... "I thought I would bring my child to show you" ... and feigns interest in my son. I give her some tea, some money for the child. She still waits on. Finally she bursts out ... "Let me work for you. Let me come and stay with you."

"What's wrong?"

"It's his parents and his sisters. I slog the whole day ... I start making chappaties at three in the morning ... we give 'dabbas' to factory workers ... and again in the afternoon. I stand in the queue for water for hours. And still they harass me. I'm fed up. I'm not their servant."

"And your husband?"

"He's all right." She's sullen now. "But he won't say a word to his parents and sisters. I won't go back to them. I don't want to go to my mother either. 'You married him, now you must bear it,' she says. Mother! Let me work for you. Let me stay here."

I am tempted. But there is the child. And her husband is sure to come for her. She'll go to him as soon as he does. And I have a girl now. She's shaping well ...

I talk to her, advise her, give her some money and send her away. She never comes back. I did right, I think thankfully.

And then one day, years later, the bell rings. I open the door and find a woman standing outside, an infant on her hips, a child by her side. The woman has the agelessness of the female poor. Sagging large-nippled breasts that speak of many children. A face that is all bones and paan-stained teeth. Pelvic bones sticking out of a worn sari.

"It seems you want a girl to work for you?"

I look at the child. A mere child. Her face is all bones ... ugly, immature bones. Eyes, large, hard and darting about in unconcealed curiosity. Her body is all knees and elbows, hands and feet. She wears a dirty white blouse and a ragged faded-to-an-almost-white blue skirt.

I'm no novice at the game now. I ask wearily, "Has she worked before?"

"Three years now. She knows all the work. Try her?"

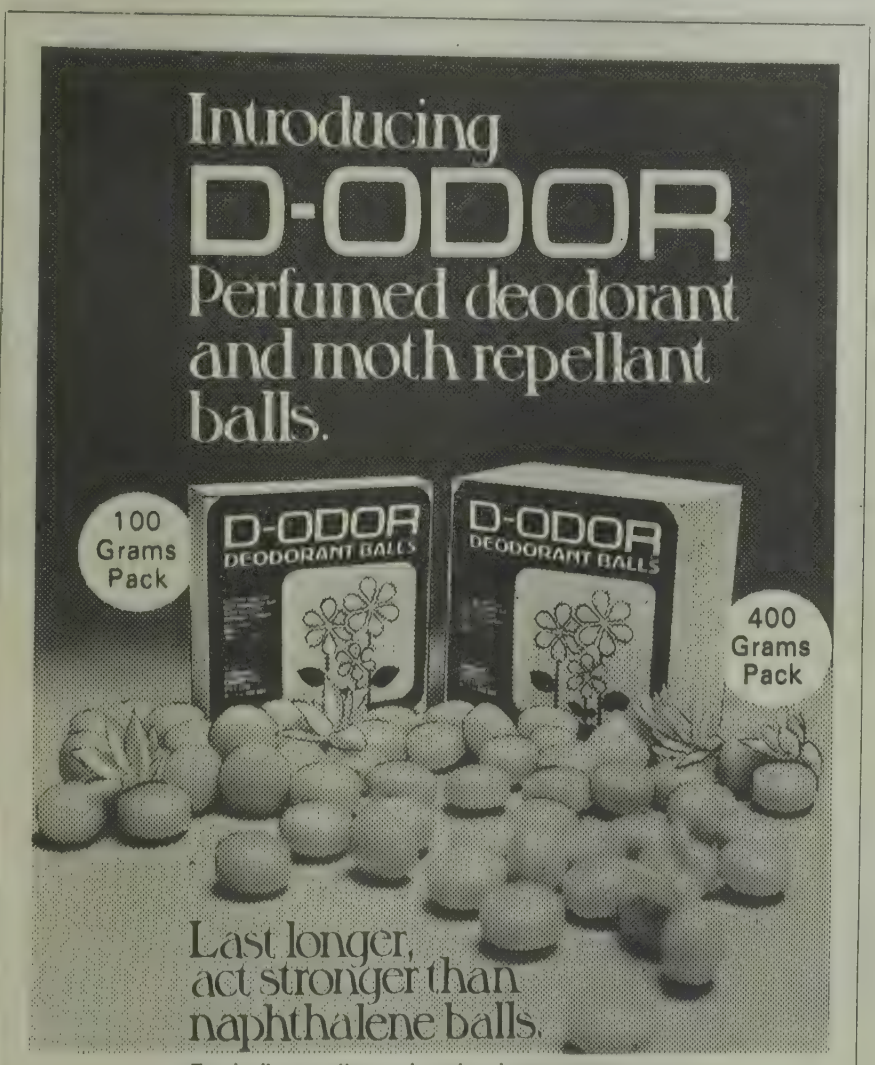
After a lot of argument and discussion we agree on the pay and the work. The woman, relieved, smiles for the first time. It is like seeing something familiar in a forgotten landscape. I look at her in bewilderment.

"Have I see you ....?"

"Why, didn't you recognise me? I worked nearly four years for you."

I am too stunned to say anything. I watch blankly as the woman gives instructions to her daughter, expertly hitching the baby up on her hips. The baby gropes for her breasts and unconcernedly she unbuttons her blouse. And then, just as she is leaving, she comes back for a last word, a furtive expression on her face.

"And don't ever give her pay to her father. Not even if he comes and says I've asked him to take it. He'll just drink it up. Don't give it to the girl, either. Give it in my hands."



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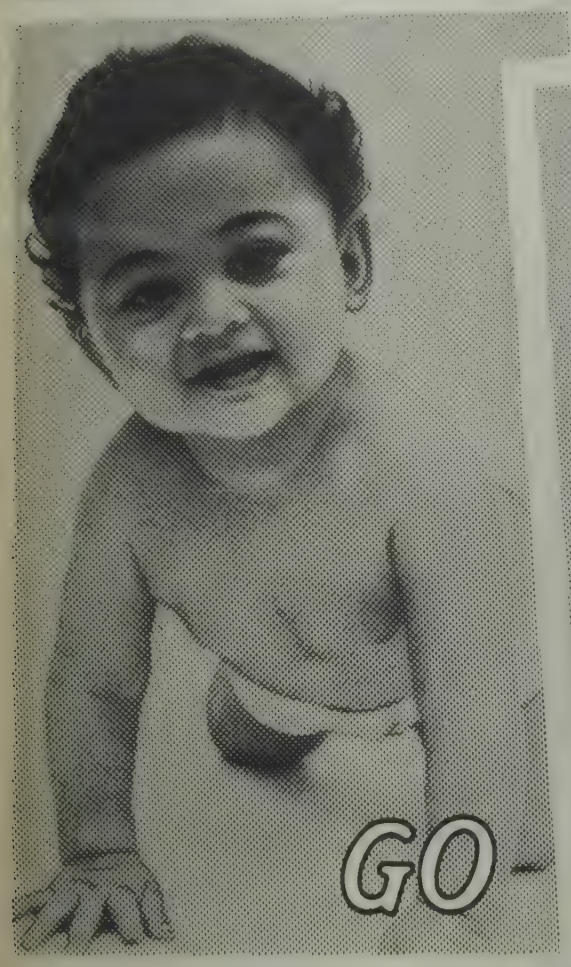
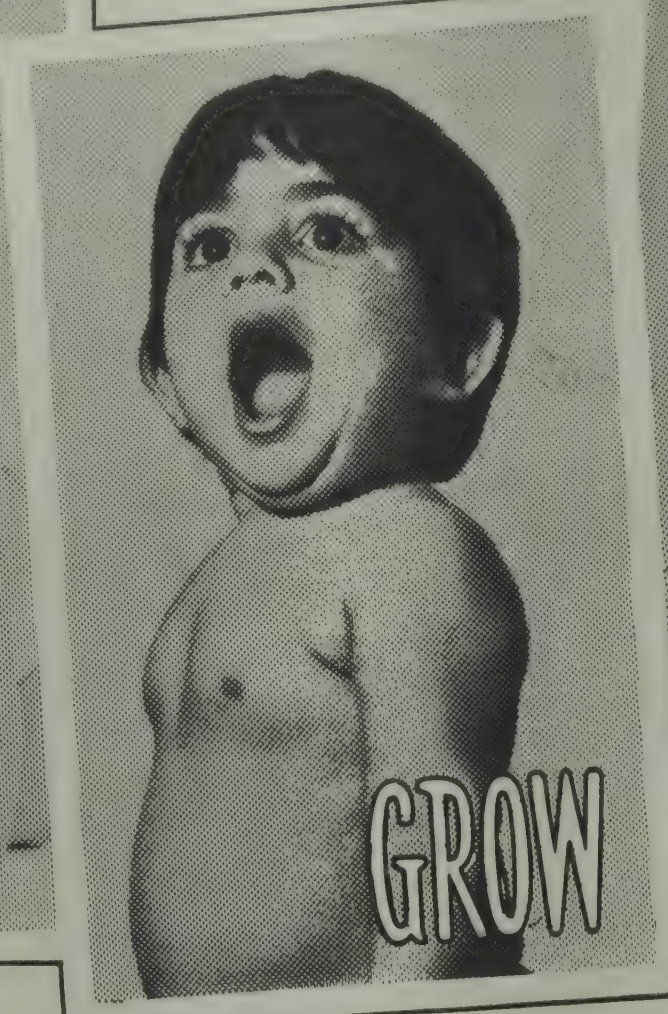
ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ NO. 12

1. Eunice D'Souza
2. "Ek Din Pratidin", (also best Bengali film)
3. Yasuo Kato
4. Belgrade, Yugoslavia
5. Gargoyles
6. Palghat Mani Iyer
7. Jan Kodes
8. India
9. Seven
10. Pablo Picasso
11. Badal Sircar
12. Galileo Galeli

The prize money of Rs. 200 will be distributed equally among readers who sent in all-correct solutions.

Watch your baby





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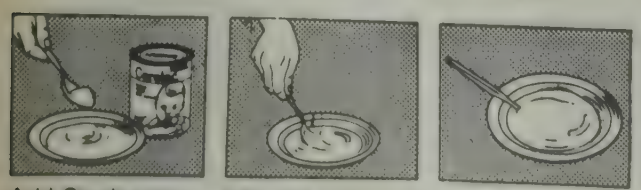

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NESTLE

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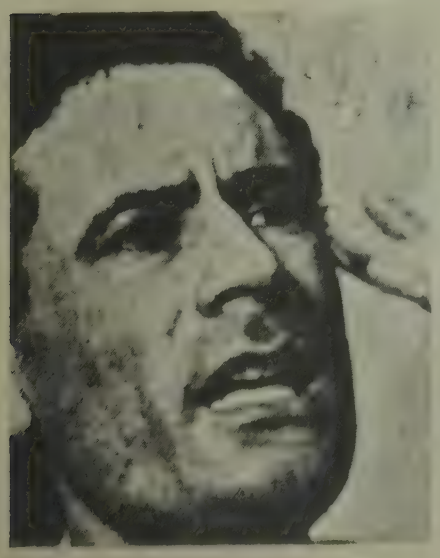
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

When **General Manuel Antonio Vas Silva,** the last Portuguese Governor-General of Goa, accepted an invitation to visit liberated Goa and take part in the death centenary celebrations of renowned Portuguese poet Luiz Vaz de Camoens, he did not know what he was letting himself in for. Although the Indian national press has been playing up his many good qualities — like how in 1961 he had refused to raze Goa to the ground when the Indian troops were on the border, and Portuguese dictator Salazar demoted him for his "sin," or how he refused to shift the relics of St. Francis Xavier from Goa to Portugal — some diehards remained unconvinced. The new Socialist government in Portugal is eager to patch up with India and forget its colonial past and General Silva has been generous in his praise about Goa's development after Liberation but several prominent citizens and freedom fighters have been loudly protesting about his visit as well as about the centenary celebrations. For the poet Camoens, it now transpires after 400 years, was actually racist to the core, and had said unpardonable things like black is ugly. But his real wicked sin was in taking an Indian mistress and an Indian slave, who looked after him till the very end!

* * *

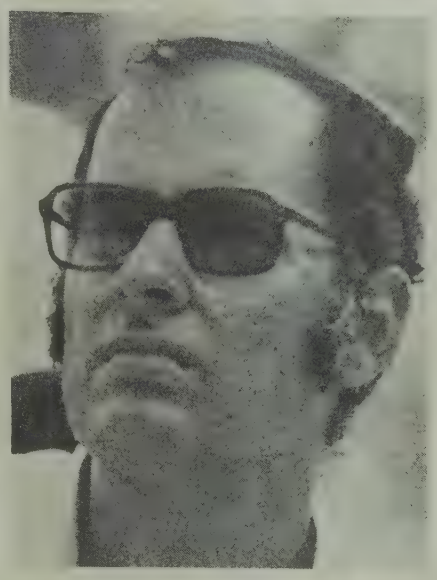
First we had the Bulgarian secret police landing in the Western countries and killing with poison-tipped umbrellas refugees who had fled the country by jostling them in the streets. Now Libya's strongman **Col. Muammar Gaddafi** has ordered his "revolutionary committees" all over the world to polish off Libyan antagonists living abroad, as traitors. By "traitor" he means any Libyan who chooses self-exile rather than live under his authoritarian rule or anyone who is even faintly sympathetic towards Egypt or Israel. The 200-odd Libyans who live in Rome have already asked for police protection as some members have been shot and injured by unknown gunmen. Meanwhile, Britain has asked the Libyan diplomatic head in that country, Musa Kusa, to leave immediately as he has publicly supported the murder of Gaddafi's opponents on British soil. As a counter measure, several Libyans, with the active support of some Arab countries, have formed an anti-Gaddafi organisation called the Libyan National Democratic Movement, to overthrow the dictator and bring democracy to the oil-rich country.



* * *

In his death, **Sanjay Gandhi** displayed the same reckless disregard for caution as he had done in his life. The first question people asked was, "Who killed him?" His enemies, and they were legion, hated him as intensely as his equally numerous admirers loved him. And his recent political triumphs had marked him out as India's next Prime Minister.

While other politicians were running round in circles, trying to get things sorted out after the elections had thrown up an entirely new set of claimants to office, Sanjay went for his normal morning plane ride and aerobatics in his Pitts-S-2A double seater aircraft, although he had been warned by his elder brother Rajiv that the small aircraft he flew was not suited for aerial acrobatics. And he crashed to his death, with his companion, Capt. Subhash Saxena, Chief Instructor of the Delhi Flying Club, within minutes after taking off. Characteristically, even as he was plunging to his death, he swerved the plane to avoid crashing into the quarters of some government employees.



The crash occurred behind 10, Willingdon Crescent, into which Sanjay Gandhi had moved after Mrs. Gandhi had vacated it to occupy her present residence.

The heroine of the hour was Mrs. Indira Gandhi. She fainted at the sight of the mangled bodies of her son and Capt. Saxena, but swiftly regained wonted fortitude and consoled Capt. Saxena's mother and Sanjay's wife, Maneka. Mrs. Gandhi even found time to ask Janata Party president Chandra Shekhar to meet her and discuss the Assam issue.

With Sanjay's death, the Indian political scene will remain unsettled for some time, according to knowledgeable political pundits.

* * *

While it is common for many Hindus to worship in churches, one wonders why such a hooha is made when a Christian or Muslim worships at a Hindu shrine. The latest in the line was Andhra Pradesh Governor, **K. C. Abraham,** who, with his family, prayed at the Tirumalai temple in Tirupati recently. First, he was asked to sign a declaration affirming his faith "in Lord Venkateshwara and reverence to him and to his worship." Once he did that, everything was hunky-dory and the officials went overboard in welcoming him. As the report goes, the Governor stood in reverence as arati was performed and then accepted "theertham" (holy water). After he made a cash offering to the Lord, he was given laddu and vadai as prasad. As if all this was not enough, the Governor made a further statement that was mystifying: He said that while he had visited many temples in India, he had never worshipped in any of them! So why was Tirupati singled out? Had he also got a wish fulfilled like Mrs. Gandhi?

UNKNOWN

It is painfully ironic that even a custodian of the law cannot escape from what is happening to hundreds of young, educated girls in this country. Veena Nagrath, the mother of two children and a sub-inspector with the Delhi police, was burnt to death when her husband, a painter by profession, poured kerosene on her while she was cooking in the kitchen, and set her on fire. What is even more horrifying is that it was her four-year-old son Manish, who had watched the burning helplessly and who told the police about his father's crime. It appears that Veena was having a tough time with her husband as he had many "bad habits."

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4. Journalism	1 Year	,,	
5. Graphics (Commercial Art)	1 Year	,,	
6. Nursery Teachers Training	1 Year	,,	
7. Advertising	1 Year	,,	
8. Textile Designing	1 Year	,,	
9. Dress Designing	1 Year	,,	
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INDIA'S HUNDRED MILLION

Continued from page 19

subsidy or private charity? To what extent are national policy resolutions, children's funds and special welfare programmes the answer?

These do make their impact, as the oasis of achievement in our rural vastness testify, to the credit of dedicated officials and voluntary social workers. Yet we should recognise the limitations of the welfarist approach to child development. The child has a right to grow from a base of equal opportunity. Shall we find the social equity we have denied our generation at least for the next?

It is not as if we are able to make the economy grow as we want, and only the "justice" part of it is missing. The signs are that growth as well as justice are becoming elusive. We have to see and seek them together. The value of equal opportunity for development must be accepted as a necessary condition for efficient selection, if not as a moral imperative.

We have failed to intermesh child development with economic planning. We are so engrossed in the present that the children of India, the majority of them, have been relegated to an uncertain future. The proof of this is in the performance of our first five plans. There is little assurance that the 1978-83 plan will make anything more than a negligible difference ot the quality of their lives.

The experience of the wasted years suggests a fresh approach to child development as part of socio-economic development. The thrust will simultaneously have to be on three fronts:

First, there should be a massive redirection of national resources for a much larger and more diversified economic activity for deprived children than is being attempted at present. Can we find the resources for this step-up? Yes, if the pattern of development is of a kind that is relevant to the poor majority of the population.

The way economic growth can be relevant to the poor is to create employment, which is the sole solvent for poverty. There is no other means by which the children of the poor can hope for a reasonable minimum standard of nutrition, health and meaningful education. A basic reordering of the priorities of planning — a radical curtailment of conspicuous consumption and of growth of no consequence to the poor — is called for. This is not to hark back to primitive or inferior technology but to apply modern science and its methods for a human purpose.

Second, growth of any kind, in a social context such as India's would be impossible without a re-distribution of assets. The family will care for its children better than any other institution if it has the means to do so. If the existing distribution of agricultural land, urban real estate and corporate property is to perpetuate itself, there is no hope for the poor and their children — even with economic development. What has just been stated is a piece of wisdom culled from the plan documents of India. But it is yet to be acted upon in any substantial measure. Does India need the trauma of a revolution to get down to the task?

Third, the considerable, if scattered, experience and expertise gathered in the past decades in the field of child care and development in its multifold aspects will have to be shared with the community in the villages and towns. Ignorance is as much the enemy of progress as indigence and it is not a monopoly of the poor. Voluntary organisations will have to fan out into the countryside, with support from the Government in proportion to their competence and sincerity, to achieve a two-way learning process between the social worker and the rustic poor. Nothing transforms a society like the knowledge that it can transform itself.

The meaning and message of the Year of the Child is that the tomorrows can be better than the yesterdays — if we will it.

Children are our future.

Courtesy: UNICEF

Wife to husband about to hang picture: "You'll find the hammer in the drawer, the nails in the cupboard, and the bandages in the medicine cabinet."

* * *

He: Oh, Shanti, I shall be so miserable all the while I'm away from you."

She: "Oh, darling, if I could be sure of that, it would make me so happy."

* * *

"Lilian, did that young man smoke in the parlour last night? I found burned matches there."

"Oh no, Dad; he just lit one or two to see what the time was."

* * *

"Do you remember when we met in the revolving door?"

"Goodness, yes. That's when we started going around together wasn't it?"

* * *

She : "Dad, you like my new gown?"

THAT'S A LAUGH!

Dad : "Yes, but I suggest you get a little further into it."

* * *

Newlywed Husband : "Do you mean to say there's only one course for dinner tonight? Just cheese?"

Wife : "Yes dear. You see, when the chops caught fire and fell into the dessert I had to use the soup to put it out."

* * *

A young lady, finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she could spend the night.

"There ain't no hotel here," he said "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man, "so's the station agent."

* * *

"There goes Mr. Sharp. I wonder how he made all his money?"

"Heaven knows."

"Ah, that must be why he always looks so worried."

* * *

Judge: "Have you ever been up before me?"

Accused: "I don't know. What time do you get up?"

* * *

First actress: "Did you hear the way the public wept over my death scene?"

Second actress: "Yes, it must have been because they realised that it was only acted."

* * *

"When I arrived at my girl

friend's house last night, I found someone else had beaten me to the sofa."

"Your hated rival?"

"No, the instalment collector."

* * *

Said the loose-tongued Westerner: "It was so hot in the Yakima Valley last week that the heat affected the animals. I saw a hound chasing a jack rabbit, and they were both walking."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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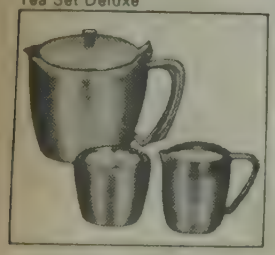

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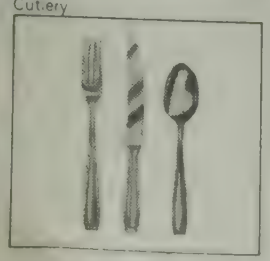
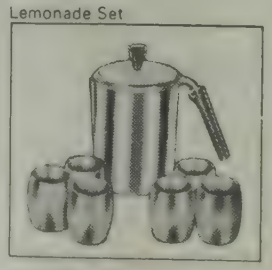


Lemonade Set



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Quiz: NEW SERIES No. 13

"HEGMAN"

1. The 50th anniversary of which famous astronomical discovery was celebrated in February 1980?
2. Name the famous architect and artist who, when appointed architect to the unfinished St. Peter's in Rome, refused to accept a fee.
3. On whose novel is the Marathi film "Simhasan", commended by film critics and filmgoers alike as India's first political film, based? Name the director of the film.
4. Name the famous Russian actor-producer who stunned and confounded the Moscow Art Theatre in 1897.
5. Which East European countries produce the drinks Vodka and Tokay?
6. Name the two famous poets who wrote the "Lady of Shalott" and the "Lady of the Lake" respectively.
7. Name the eminent Carnatic musician who recently announced his disenchantment with the music he has played so far and appealed to AIR to stop broadcasting those tapes.
8. "Sartre was for the masses, but they were against him." Who said this?
9. Name the recipient of the 1979 Jnanpith Award for Literature.
10. The 50th anniversary of which famous train was celebrated in Bombay on June 1, 1980?
11. Name the river on which Berlin is situated.
12. Which former world heavyweight boxing champion made an unbilled appearance in the boxing film "Rocky"?

This is the 13th Quiz Contest with a prize of Rs. 200 for the reader who sends an all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided among them. The deadline for the answers is July 24, 1980. Every entry must be accompanied by a cutting of this column.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

WILL RAJESH-DIMPLE DIVORCE GO THROUGH?

It was expected, I mean, I was quite fed up predicting it — that Dimple would be the last to walk out from the ruins of Rajesh Khanna. The alcohol bash-ups,(when he proposed to her in knee-deep Juhu sea, Rajesh was 18 pegs high and the Kapadias, including Dimple, knew it. If they took him seriously then, why complain about the hang-over now after seven years?), her father, were all lame excuses. It is just that a star is always a star, and Dimple was missing all the headlines and flash-bulbs. Rajesh too was getting more sore with every flop. "Red Rose" was a big jolt. Dimple would not stop her cards and gambling. At 3 a.m., a drunk Rajesh, accompanied by Roopesh Kumar, walked into the Kapadias' (Chunibhai's step-brother and sister's house), and is reported to have bashed up everyone and brought Dimple home. The Kapadias did not waste time in filing a police complaint and a criminal suit against him. Rajesh flew away to Madras and decided to sleep over the matter. He was half asleep on 23rd morning when Dimple informed him that she was going for the inauguration of a saree exhibition. Which she did, but not before she filed a suit for divorce. She moved with her children and his car to her father's house, and awaited headlines and producers. There were no producers, except Ravi perhaps (producer of "Red Rose"), who has fallen out with Rajesh after his film flopped. All the callers were well-wishers who addressed her as bhabi or Mrs. Khanna and advised her to go back home. Quite pleased with the attention, Dimple saw rushes of "Mangalsutra", a Tamil film, settled down for gin on the rocks, fried fish, mounds of rice and fish curry, after which she drove recklessly to bang into a taxi near the Bandra gas station. She dropped me home via Rajesh Khanna.

"Let's pass his house," she said and was quite disappointed to find the lights out.

"He has gone off to sleep," she said.

This was the first night of separation after his return from Madras. Whether she will stick to her divorce plans depends on the flow of producers. A comeback seems difficult, for I even failed to recognise her. She looks hollow, exhaustd, more than her 23 years. Poor Chunibhai, this time he has kept out of all headlines, but Dimple still makes him a villian by hiding her ambition to be a star, saying, "Daddy talks of comebacks, not me."

Rajesh Khanna chose to remain the silent man who "understands" everything. A bit too understanding for a man. He talked of the children, which is the most ridiculous aspect of the situation. The children in any case are growing up with the ayah, "governess" in star lingo. Right now they are thrilled with the separation, for it means no school, and holidays at Grandpa's home by the sea. Twinkle did a dance number, Laila from "Qurbani," for me and even informed me that "Qurbani" would be a golden jubilee hit. I think both Rajesh and Dimple should forget about comebacks, instead groom Twinkle. She can be the next superstar after seven years. That is the age at which Dimple and Kohla (Padmini Kohlapure) hit the headlines.

Right now Dimple will have to try hard for recognition. At least that night in spite of the accident, the gas station and so many stopovers, there was not a single cry of "Woh dekho Dimple!" from any passerby. The separation will last till the press wants it. Star marriages and divorces are strictly for the public. If you ask me, it is a hang-over of "Thodisi Bewafii" for Rajesh, and "Ek Bar Phir" for Dimple.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Lalit Kala Akademi held its silver jubilee exhibition on Contemporary Sculpture and Paintings in the Miniature Format by K. K. Hebbar, Fellow of the Akademi, at the Jehangir Art Gallery, recently.

* * *

The Citizen's Action Group organised in co-operation with the Western Railway and Central Railway a "Care for Cleanliness" Poster Exhibition at Dadar Station. 60 posters on Clean Habits were displayed on the platform and over-bridges at Dadar Western and Central Railway Stations.

The Group is continuing its crusade against spitting on platforms and requests Bombayites to give their full co-operation to the campaign.

* * *

The Indian Red Cross Society recently celebrated its Diamond Jubilee by taking up new projects of an Eye Hospital, a Home for the aged, a Relief Supply Depot and blood component therapy in Bombay. Existing Red Cross services include free hospitals and dispensaries, Home for the ailing, rehabilitation of the mentally retarded and handicapped, a voluntary blood bank, ambulance service, first aid posts, a T.B. sanitorium, family planning clinic and creches and training centres for first aid.

People are requested to help Red Cross by blood donations, donations in cash and kind and by enrolling as members of the Society. The Society is planning several fund-raising projects to meet future commitments among which is an Annual Ball to be held on August 14.

* * *

The Ambica International, a division of Shri Ambica Mills Limited, recently started their export activities from their new office situated at the World Trade Centre. Among the guests who visited the office, were the Vice Consul for Iraq, Mr. Karim Hashim Kadhim and Madam Kadhim.

CALCUTTA

Doctors and surgeons of the Medical College Hospital, Calcutta, exhibited their paintings recently in the city. The paintings which were in oil, water colours, pastels and charcoal, were greatly appreciated by the public.

* * *

"Hansadwani" presented "Beena" highlighting Tagore's love of the Veena repeatedly expressed through his songs and poems. Most of the songs and dances were presented in solo to illustrate the beauty and appeal of the veena.

* * *

The Open Theatre presented 'Jakhan Sachetan,' sponsored by the Alliance Francaise and the Max Mueller Bhavan, Calcutta, at the Max Mueller's auditorium. Anjan Dutt excelled in the play adapted from the original by Jean Paul Sartre. The actresses, Chanda Dutt and Sutapa Maulik gave good performances.

* * *

Jane Piersall, a member of the U.S.A. group, Celebrant Singers is on a tour of Calcutta. Jane plays an unusual role — that of conveying music to the deaf.

This young woman stood aside to interpert music to the large number of deaf people gathered in the Assembly of God Church, Calcutta. Jane explained how they could hear by vibrations of other organs to some extent and

1

2

3

1. A BBC documentary film team arrived at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay. Seen with the team are Miss Niloufer Billimoria, (ext. left) and Mr. Ashraf Khan, and Miss Ragini Kackar (ext. right) of Oberoi Towers.

2. Mrs. Renuka Narayanan welcomes Mr. Karim Hashim Kadhim, Vice Consul, Iraq, and Madam Kadhim at the Ambica International's office at World Trade Centre, Bombay.

3. At Sangeeta Chopra's Bharata Natyam recital in Bombay, the artiste is seen with (from left) Guru K. Kalyansundaram Pillai, Guru A. T. Govindraj Pillai, and Guru T. K. Mahalingam Pillai.

4. Mr. K. S. Sadananda inaugurated the Interior Decoration Appreciation Course organised by BOTIS of Asian Paints in Bangalore. Also seen are (from left) Mr. Sundaresan, Mrs. Shakuntala Balu and Mrs. Upadesh Sharma.

4

also by the sign language. This experiment has successfully brought joy to people with defective hearing in the U.S.A. and Canada.

MADRAS

At the second anniversary of the Lions Club of Madras Poovai, an impressive installation of the new office bearers was held at the Hotel Ashoka, when Lion K. R. Sundararajan, former District Governor of 304, inducted them. It was also an occasion to announce the new educational programmes and the many service projects of the club. Prizes for the essay contest conducted earlier were distributed at this meeting.

* * *

To meet Nicholas Harvey and Caroline Clifford, who are on a World Marathon Drive to collect funds for a Cancer Research Campaign, a press conference was held at the Hotel Chola Sheraton, co-sponsors of the scheme along with the Oberoi Hotels. Caroline Clifford explained the purpose of their visit and their experiences in countries they had so far visited. The most fruitful visit was in the Middle East which from the point of view of collections was most rewarding, she said. They hoped to break the world record for the largest number of countries and get an entry into the Guiness Book of Records, she added. Mr. Ashok Anantram, Sales Manager, Chola Sheraton, welcomed the guests.

BANGALORE

Free Interior Decoration Appreciation Courses exclusively for ladies, were launched in the city at a gala function by BOTIS, the technical information and service division of Asian Paints. Professor K. S. Sadananda, Head of the Dept of Studies in Architecture, Bangalore University, inaugurated the project. Mr. Sundaresan, Branch Manager, Asian Paints, said the announcement of the two-month certificate course received overwhelming response. The course will be continuously run at two centres in Bangalore, under the guidance of Mrs. Upadesh Kaur Sharma and Mrs. Shakuntala Balu, the two members of the faculty.

* * *

Mrs. Renuka Rajendran, Minister of State for Youth Services was the chief guest at the annual day celebrations of the Karnataka Faculty of Magic. Professor Vasanta Kumar presented many thrilling items.

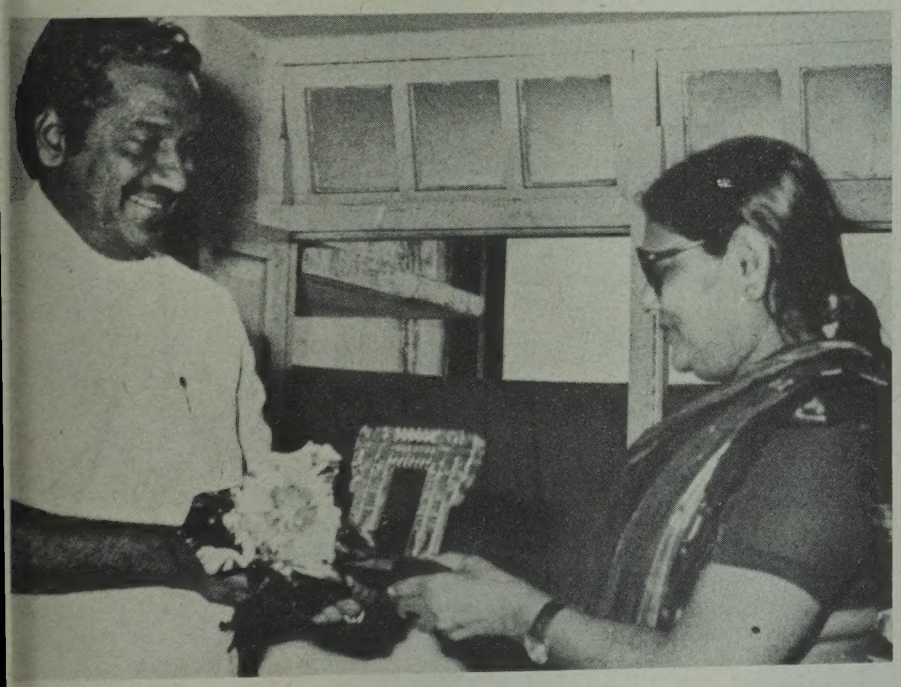
HYDERABAD

Miss Vasireddy Sita Devi, the well known Telugu novelist was felicitated by the officers of the Andhra Pradesh Women and Child Welfare Department. Miss Sita Devi has just won the Sahitya Akademi Award for her latest novel. The Revenue Minister, Mr. Janardhan Reddy presented her with a memento on behalf of the Department.

* * *

The Nataraja Kala Samithi of Srikakulam presented the playright Gurzada's "Kanyasulkam" which is a master piece. Though the play deals with the selling of brides, a custom which is now obsolete, there were many other topical subjects covered, like corruption, immorality and casteism.

The girl on the cover of our issue of July 5 was Kiran Joneja, and the photograph was by Taiyeb Badshah.



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5. Miss Vasireddy T. Sita, Telugu novelist, who won the Sahitya Akademi Award, receiving a memento from Mr. N. Janardhan Reddy, Minister for Revenue, Andhra Pradesh.

6. Caroline Clifford and Nicholas Harvey (2nd and 4th from left) are on a world marathon drive collecting funds for a Cancer Research campaign. Seen with them at the Hotel Chola Sheraton, Madras, are Mr. Ashok Anantram, Sales Manager, and Mrs. Viji De, Sales Executive.

7. At the annual function of "Kusumika" in Calcutta, are seen (from left) Mrs. Aloka Mitra, Lady Ranu Mookherjee, Mrs. Bijoli Ghose, Mrs. Uma Basu, Principal, "Kusumika", Mrs. Romola Sinha and Dr. Suva Mitra.

7.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JULY 13 — 19, 1980.

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

Unexpected happenings will push new opportunities your way, also bring a change of outlook, higher ambitions. A new partnership, business or personal, perhaps both, is likely. Money comes in if you put in effort and enthusiasm. Relatives of about your own age will be helpful this year. Socially, you find yourself in a new and influential circle. Your company and your aid will be sought for club activities, sports events and so on. Romantic stars are shining — whether married or single!

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

Aggressive stars could make you somewhat quarrelsome over the next few weeks, so be careful not to upset people who are important to you. You will have extra work to cope with, but make time for social activity.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

You will get on best if you make as many personal contacts as possible. All forms of communication are well starred and people will be kindly disposed. In a few weeks' time, you enter a strenuous phase, so begin to streamline activities.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

If you have some special shopping in mind, this is a favourable week. Happy trends for social life and friendships; new faces and places will boost your morale. New circumstances will advance your ambitions.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

The domestic scene will see beneficial adjustments favouring property interests. Relationships will be harmonious and you may come to an agreeable financial arrangement with a relative. Businesswise, there'll be a good response to an application.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

Travel, especially short journeys and visits, fresh activities and relationships will be beneficial. Cut away deadwood, making time for more rewarding pursuits. Good time to push your ambitions, to mix business with pleasure to follow up introductions.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Planets moving through your sign will boost your self-confidence, make you feel and look your best. New friendships will be useful in a business sense, as well as for amusing companionship. You will be taking a more active interest in local activities.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

You are moving into a most significant phase of life. In the next two years major changes will occur and just how far you progress will depend upon the efforts you make. Cultivate a more adventurous attitude between now and late August.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

A busy and friendly week, so get about and tie up loose ends, put out feelers in new directions. Favourable aspects will project you into a successful phase with fresh opportunities. Travel is well starred just now.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

To keep routine and relationships running smoothly adjust to the wishes of others as far as you can. Venus opposing your sign can cause trivial but irritating problems in personal and business life.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

The Sun and Mercury in your opposite sign of Cancer indicate the need to co-operate with your partner, other close companions. They have the advantage for a week or two! So be adaptable.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Your more distant plans and projects are favoured, but proceed slowly. The affairs of close companions will take up much your of time for a short period , so be careful about plunging impulsively into reorganisation.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

You will get co-operation now and people who were distant in their manner will now want to cultivate your company! If you were born before the 10th, long-standing problems are fast waning. Later-born Pisceans must watch their spending for a month or two.

STUDENTS PROTEST

Continued from page 15

REDUNDANT SYSTEM

Looking at it objectively, the system of compulsory attendance, a topmost priority in all colleges and universities, is not only cumbersome but downright impractical. Why **should** attendance be compulsory? Is it insisted upon to ensure that students don't play truant and thereby fail to "absorb" whatever is taught to them? Since, however, the student himself is more interested in his education than those who are helping to educate him, why not leave the choice of attendance to him? The freedom to learn which will then arise and which all the young crave for, will of its own accord, foster an interest in knowledge for knowledge's sake and not for the sake of merely acquiring a degree insisted upon by society.

Abolition of this redundant system has several factors to recommend it. In the first instance, the very fact of being physically present during lectures does not ensure that one's mind is focused on the subject being taught. The very compulsion behind attendance induces a sense of resentment which results in very little concentration being given to what is taught, thereby defeating the very purpose behind enforcing compulsory attendance.

Secondly, these lectures, far from being interesting, are so insipid and tedious that they kindle no interest in the students. They are not, as they should be, supplemented by audio-visual presentations and practical demonstrations. Is it fair to subject the student to the tedium of sitting through such lectures?

Thirdly, the indifference of the professors who are eager to cover as much of the course material as possible, as soon as possible, does nothing whatsoever to win and hold the attention of the student.

Lastly, if the system is done away with, it would be a boon to housewives and working women who are keen to increase and widen their horizons of knowledge but are prevented by circumstances from devoting four to five hours a day attending a college.

An example that comes to mind of the inefficacy of this system is that of my elder sister Indu Puri, the current National Table-Tennis champion and captain of the Indian team for the Asian Games. Owing to her involvement with the game, Indu had to travel widely, and consequently fell short of the 75 per cent attendance insisted upon by all colleges. Indu spent several harrowing days pleading with our college principal to allow her to sit for the B.A. exam as it would otherwise lead to the waste of an entire year. After much persuasion, her case was considered a "special" one and permission granted. Indu graduated with distinction!

NIRUPAMA NATARAJAN
Calcutta

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